# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## HOW WE FURNISHED OUR HOUSE.

For my part I had long ago made up my mind that I would move no more, save into a house of my own. I believe, as I am an honest man, that during the two years of our marriage we had inhabited successively every street in the city, from Bleecker to Forty-fifth; and had never known what it was to remain a month together in the same place. So, as I said, I was tired of so roving a life, and when Carrie proposed, in a meek, timid voice, as though she was dreadfully afraid of shocking my feelings, that we should go to housekeeping, I seized the dear girl in my arms, and kissed her till, as she declared, her collar was quite spoiled.

It was no matter of extraordinary difficulty to find a house. Thanks to the revulsion!—the ill wind that, like other ill winds, blew some good to some few fortunates—we were enabled to find a small house suited to our means in a convenient situation. A bargain was soon struck, and we entered into possession of our empty house. We felt so proud—Carrie and I—in the house that was all our own, that for the first week we spent all our spare time in pacing up and down the great, empty, dusty rooms, and peopling them with imaginary pieces of the most costly furniture. We quarreled vociferously over the furnishing of the drawing-room (remember I had only some $1200 in all to spend on my furniture); Carrie insisting that a tapestry Brussels with yellow brocatelle suit would do very well, while I was immovably fixed in my preference for blue damask, ormolu, and a carpet with a single gigantic pattern. She preferred pier-glasses; I thought oil-paintings, exclusively by the first native artists (did we not owe it to ourselves to patronize art?) were far better adapted to the adornment of the walls. The first time I think I ever made Carrie cry was when I insisted on the furniture of our spare bedroom being rose-wood instead of a "cottage set," green and gold.

However, after a few days of this castle-building, we were forced to betake ourselves at last to the serious business of filling our house with something more substantial than the sumptuous furniture over which we had quarreled; and this time, I flatter myself, we went about the business in a methodical way. We had so much money; therefore if we spent so much on the parlors, so much on the bedrooms, so much on the kitchen, so much on the dining-room, and so much on the stairs, there would be left— Well, there wouldn't be much, though our estimates had been made with the most severe frugality.

But, as Carrie remarked, by going to auctions we could buy every thing for a mere song; and taking up the *Herald*, she read me an advertisement to the effect that that day, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, D. Humbug, the well-known auctioneer, would sell the entire furniture of a wealthy family going to Europe; said furniture consisting of "fine tapestry carpets, three-ply and ingrain ditto; rose-wood parlor suits in brocatelle; oak buffet; oak extension tables, chairs, etc., in suit; rose-wood bureaus, rose-wood and mahogany centre, pier, and fancy tables; rose-wood and mahogany secretary and library book-cases; French plate pier and oval mirrors; a superior line of fine oil-paintings in rich gilt frames; mahogany and rose-wood bedsteads; spring and hair mattresses; beds and bedding; gas chandeliers and fixtures; together with a large assortment of new furniture, cutlery, crockery, plated and silver ware; the whole to be peremptorily sold without reserve, and worthy the attention of housekeepers and the trade."

This was evidently the thing we wanted; so we hastened to the address, and found ourselves in as motley a crowd as I had seen for a long time. There were a number of old women, among whom we recognized several editions of Mrs. Toodles; one or two young couples like ourselves, bent seriously on house-furnishing; a number of cross-grained looking men, who scowled fiercely at the furniture, as though they wanted to know what business it had there, and whether they couldn't afford to buy it twice over if they wanted; a Jew or two gazing with appreciative eyes at the silver-plate; two or three Irishmen, laden with furniture and plates, which they contrived very cleverly to break at regular intervals, and quite a number of persons who, to my eyes, seemed confirmed members of the "fancy."

The first article which was put up to sale was a lot of broken wine-glasses. These were sold cheap enough, my wife said, to one of the Mrs. Toodles. Then followed a Brussels carpet. Carrie nudged me as if to say, "Here is our chance." So, when it was put up, I bid, boldly, five shillings a yard. I was in a mortal agony for some time afterward for fear it should be knocked down to me; but one of the cross-grained men, after staring at Carrie and me, bid sixpence more, and, in spite of Carrie's appeals, I let him have it. It was knocked down to him; I discovered afterward that it was full of holes.

A clock, a fine French clock, was the next article offered. Would any gentleman start it at twenty dollars? No gentleman volunteering, the auctioneer magnanimously announced that he would take fifteen, or even ten. These offers eliciting no response, the clock was at last put up at a dollar. Carrie asked me how I thought it would look on our chimney-piece, and, jumping at the thought, I nodded.

"Two dollars!" shouted Humbug.

"Four!" cried another of the cross-grained individuals.

"Five!" said I, in the excitement of the moment.

"Six!" shouted my opponent.

"It's perfectly lovely," whispered Carrie in my ear; and, yielding to the suggestion, I nodded again.

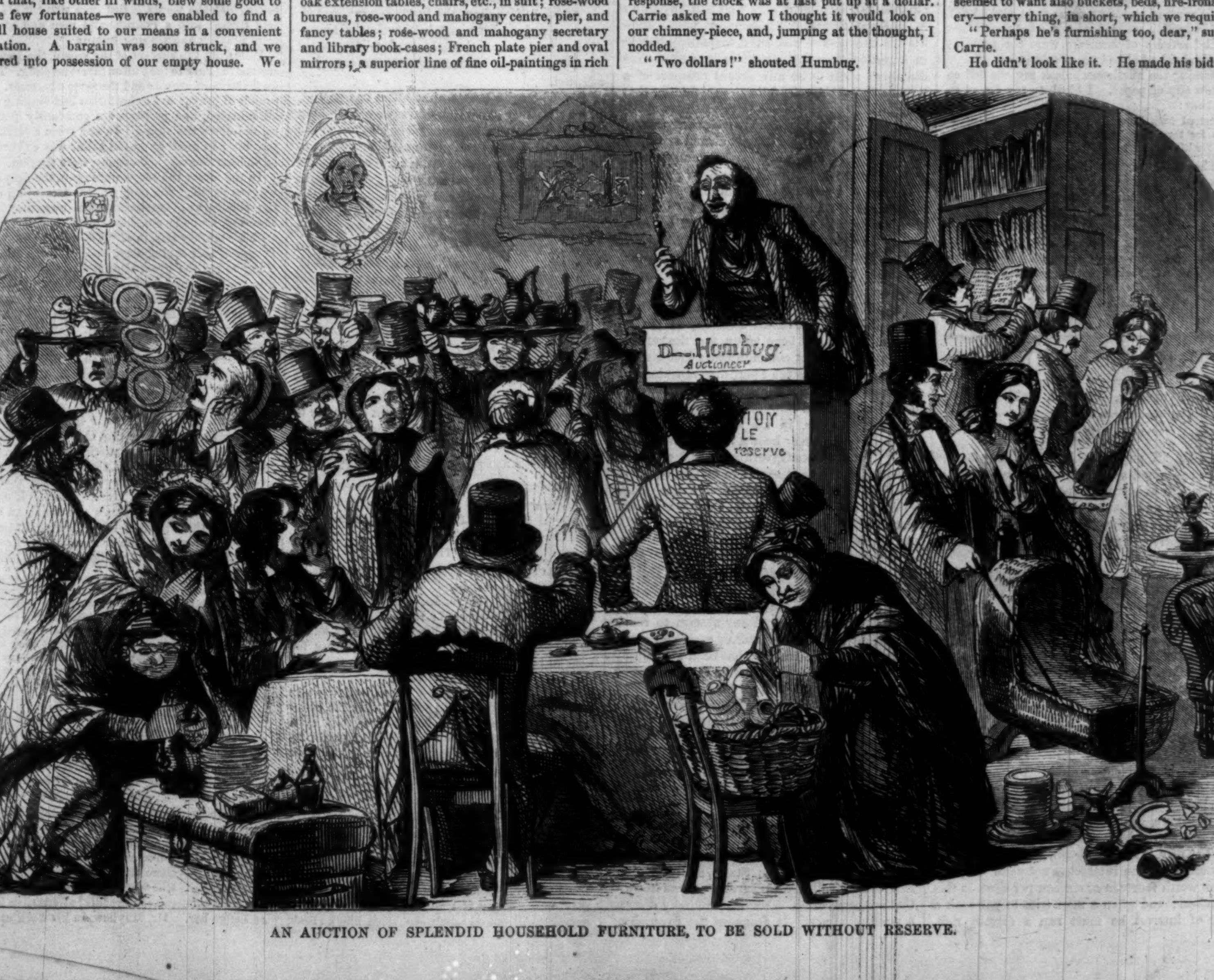
"Seven dollars!" croaked the auctioneer; "an article which cost the manufacturer twenty-five—who'll say ten?"

No one said ten; but Mrs. Toodles, by my side, squeaked "Seven and a half;" the auctioneer, watching my face, received, or pretended to receive, a bid from the crowd, then turning to me, said, "Say ten, and it's yours." I said "ten" mechanically, and down fell the hammer.

I confess I felt relieved. The ice was now broken. I had begun to furnish my house. So I had no backwardness in bidding for a small, round table, with a stain on the top and a wound of some gravity in its single leg; or for several extremely nice-looking chairs, on which we were not allowed to sit; or for a quantity of porcelain—or, as Humbug called it, "real Sevres china;" or for many more articles besides. I made some purchases. I thought a great deal of them at the time—more, perhaps, than I do now. I bought four buckets (Carrie said that buckets were quite necessary in a house, and called me "disgusting," with a pretty blush, when I asked what would she do with four); they had the misfortune to need constant caulking. I bought a bedstead, but as it couldn't be taken to pieces, and the door was too small to let it out whole, I gave Humbug a dollar to let me off that bargain. I bought a set of fire-irons—"quite lovely," Carrie said; they were in an advanced stage of oxydation. I would have bought more articles but that my attention was attracted to the conduct of one or two of the cross-grained men. They made a dead-set at me, and bid on every thing I wanted. The man who had opposed me on the clock seemed to want also buckets, beds, fire-irons, crockery—every thing, in short, which we required.

"Perhaps he's furnishing too, dear," suggested Carrie.

He didn't look like it. He made his bids as oft-




AN AUCTION OF SPLENDID HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, TO BE SOLD WITHOUT RESERVE.

en by signs as by words, looking viciously at me and at the furniture. After the auction, I overheard Humbug order him to "go and gather up them glasses, and be smart about it." From which I was led to suspect collusion between them.

We collected our purchases—a singular assortment to be sure (but as Carrie said, every thing must have a beginning)—had them carted to our own house, and rested from our labors. We put the clock on the chimney-piece (by the way, I ought to have said that it didn't go, and didn't seem ever to have gone for that matter, for I couldn't find the works), sat down on two of the buckets—which answered well enough for seats, however unsatisfactory they may have been as buckets—and came to the conclusion that a few days more of such work would enable us to furnish our house very neatly and economically. Carrie wouldn't hear of any imputations upon Humbug or my rival bidder.

Next day, before I was up, Carrie had found, as she said, the "very place" for us to go and buy the rest of our furniture. It was an auction sale, in 23d Street, of the "entire furniture of a wealthy family about to retire to the country;" a delicate hint in the advertisement intimated that the retirement of the family aforesaid had been rendered necessary by the late revulsion, and that every thing would consequently be sold "without reserve."

I was struck on entering the house with the air of newness which distinguished the whole array of furniture. Carpets, chairs, tables, etagères, sofas, beds, bureaux—nothing appeared to have been in use before.

"No doubt, dear," said Carrie, when I drew her attention to the fact, "the family were very careful of their furniture. It is a lesson to me."

Strange to say, with few exceptions, the auctioneer was surrounded by the very persons whom we had met the day before. The cross-grained men were there in great force; and the very first thing that was sold was knocked down to my yesterday's rival on the clock question. One of the party, who was evidently in the confidence of the auctioneer, bought, at the start of the auction and at very high prices, three drawing-room sets and two splendid etagères; though, as Carrie remarked, what a great, coarse, vulgar-looking fellow like that could do with brocatelle suits it was hard to discover.

I found myself bidding on a bedstead which struck us as very convenient. It was just about being knocked down to me when the thought flashed on Carrie's mind—Will it come to pieces?

I asked an Irishman, who appeared to be assisting the auctioneer, to unscrew one of the sides. He made the attempt honestly, but failed. I then noticed, to my horror, that it was the same bedstead which I had bought the day before in the house of the wealthy family going to Europe. Light was dawning on my mind. I took the precaution of marking a few of the conspicuous pieces of furniture without telling Carrie; and, having bought a set of kitchen ware, four stools, a chiffonniere, and a dust-pan, we returned to our home.

On the following day, the sale we attended was one of the "furniture of a leading citizen lately deceased." At a glance I noticed that the company were the same as on the previous days, and a brief tour of inspection enabled me to say positively that the chief articles of furniture were the same as those which I had already seen sold twice.

In passing the auctioneer's desk my eye fell on a narrow slip of paper. I blush to say I read it. It ran thus:

"Received from Peter Funk, Esq., auctioneer, forty dollars for three days' rent of the house No. — — Street, for his furniture auction. ———."

The house was rented; the furniture contributed by several furniture makers of the neighborhood; the "wealthy families" and "leading citizens" were creatures of imagination.

Carrie desires me to add that the moral of my story is that young people who want to furnish their houses should go to a respectable furniture dealer, and not seek great bargains at auction sales, especially when they are advertised as being sales of the household furniture of rich families going to Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

## AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.

A GERMAN paper, published at Augsburg, has contained an article intimating that we go to Europe to borrow money which we do not mean to pay, and that we are, in short, a nation of swindlers. Papers in this city, of course without motive, have republished the article without comment.

The fact is, that, in the general crash of the last year, no nation did so well by its creditors as the United States. With remarkably few exceptions, every bond and every coupon due in this country was paid at maturity. At a time when merchants in London, Hamburg, Berlin, and Frankfort, could not raise money to pay their notes, the interest on our State, county, city, railway, and other corporate securities was promptly and fully met. It would, of course, be possible to enumerate several securities on which there has been a default. But these have never ranked among our first-class securities. The danger of default was duly taken into account by the purchaser when he bought them, and discounted in the price he paid.

When a man buys a seven or eight per cent. bond at fifty, he has no business to complain if now and then the interest is not paid. Money is not worth fourteen or sixteen per cent. in this meridian; and when a man tries to get such a rate of interest he must run a certain risk. The bonds on which defaults have occurred within the past few months have invariably been sold in the market at so low a price that the purchaser could afford to be cheated of his interest one out of every two years, and yet find the investment satisfactory. For such a purchaser to rail at this country because he does not get "the face of his bond" is absurd. *Caveat emptor.*

Whatever newspaper men may say the United States must, eventually, become the Bankers of the world. We can profitably use money for which we pay seven and eight per cent., and can give ample security for its repayment. Nor is there any prospect that we shall cease to enjoy such opportunities of employing capital within the next half century. Until this continent is fully peopled, it will always pay us to borrow capital at seven to ten per cent., and we shall be able to pay back, after a certain interval, principal and interest.

In Europe, four and five are high rates of interest. Many large fortunes are wholly invested at three and three and a half. As the intercourse between this country and Europe increases, our superior capacity for employing capital will become generally known; when it is, no European will invest his money at home. They will all buy into our securities or lend money out here: for, by thus doing, that large class of Europeans who live on the interest of their money will find their income doubled. And sensible men, who do not try to get exorbitant rates of interest, will never have reason to complain of our want of faith.

The state of commercial affairs at present—declining imports—steady exports—exchange on London at two per cent. discount—constant and steady accumulation of specie in our banks—gradually developing industry and increased production—all this points to the state of things which the young among us are destined to see, namely, the establishment of the United States as the financial centre of the world, and the banker for the trade of England, France, Germany, South America, Russia, China, and the East Indies.

## THE CONDITION OF MEXICO.

OUR latest advices from the Mexican States describe the Zuloaga Administration as being on the point of dissolution, and the whole fabric of government as verging upon ruin. Every traveler who ventured ten miles from a large city was certain to be robbed; not a few had lost their lives in vain endeavors to protect their property. Business of every kind was at a stand-still; many of the mines, situate, unhappily, in disturbed districts, had been almost abandoned; the import trade, the duties upon which have served as security for so many loans, was almost annihilated. Every citizen who had any thing to lose was trying, not to employ, but to hide his means; money was more frequently buried in a garden than lent out upon interest. Nor did there seem to be any decent prospect of a better state of things. The clergy, finding that they might as well submit to compulsory spoliation as sustain the Zuloaga Government at their expense, were hanging back and resuming an attitude of neutrality in the pending civil war. No prominent resident citizen presumed to aspire to the rank of Dictator. From his retirement, the ancient reprobate, Santa Anna, was hankering after the power he had lost; but neither the Mexicans nor any one else had sufficient faith in him to warrant the supposition that he was likely to succeed again. There was a vague rumor that the Spaniards were about to make a movement with a view to the recovery of the debt which Mexico owes them; but no overt measures had been taken, and the general impression was, that common sense had not entirely departed from the Spanish peninsula, and consequently that the Spanish threats would never be executed.

Strange to say, in all these revolutionary proceedings we never hear a word of the action of the United States Government, or even of the influence of the representative of this country. We hear of English influence, of French suggestions, of Spanish threats; but the United States might as well be an Asiatic power for any control they exercise over Mexican politics.

The Mexicans have now had nearly forty years' experience of self-government. During that period they have essayed at least three distinct and antagonistic forms of government. They have never allowed any system to reach its natural term; the career of each and every Government since Iturbide has been alternately prolonged by lawless usurpation or cut short by revolution. If experiences teaches any thing, it is that the Mexicans can prosper neither under an empire, nor under a dictatorship, nor as a republic.

The only experiment which remains to be tried is a foreign protectorate. The Papal States would not have been a safe residence for any man of means, for many years past, but for the tacit protectorate exercised by France; Mexico is in the same condition.

The time has not yet come for the incorporation of Mexico with the States of this Union. But events call for preparatory steps toward that consummation. Mexican anarchy does us a positive injury. It damages the prestige of republican institutions. It sets an unwholesome example to our southern frontier. It injures our material interests by closing to us the shortest available road to our California possessions. For our own sakes vigorous steps should be taken to terminate the existing confusion in Mexico. What those steps should be it were difficult to say; but if ANDREW JACKSON were President of the United States he would very soon discover good grounds for the inauguration of a policy which would culminate in the establishment of stable government in Mexico and the development of the boundless resources of that magnificent country.

## THE CANAL QUESTION IN THIS STATE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurances, which were given at the time the last canal loan was sanctioned by the people, to the effect that no more money would be needed for the completion of those great lines of internal communication, it now appears that, unless a further sum of five millions of dollars be granted to complete the work of enlargement, the enormous amounts which have been expended during the past few years will prove to have been thrown away, and the design of the enlarged canal system will be defeated.

Of course, however we may grumble at the additional outlay, there is but one opinion among all far-seeing men as to the expediency of completing the canals on the enlarged scale. The work has progressed so far, the advantage of the enlarged canals is so obvious, and the necessity of retaining within our borders the traffic which our neighbors are straining every nerve to wrest from us is so palpable, that no person of any character or standing takes the ground that we ought to abandon the work, and leave the canals in their unfinished state. However the money must be raised, and under whatever restrictions it may be spent, all parties are agreed upon the propriety of raising and spending it on the canal enlargement.

Whensoever the question shall have received deliberate attention at the hands of our politicians and the public, there will be as decided a majority in favor of raising the amount by tax as there is now in favor of completing the enlargement. Other financial schemes have been suggested. A few persons have proposed to cripple the State, and to build up Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Montreal at our expense, by laying additional tolls on the freight carried over the railroads of this State. This foolish scheme has met with no more favor than it deserved; and other projects for taxing banks and making a foray upon unclaimed deposits in savings institutions have been equally scouted. The sense of the Legislature and that of the mass of sensible persons throughout the State are in favor of the completion of the canals by means of an ordinary State tax, to be submitted to the people next fall. This, doubtless, will be the plan adopted.

But when the law to that effect has passed, it may well be a subject of inquiry how long the canals are to be a senseless burden to the State, and a source of perennial corruption at Albany? No one denies that the canal funds are used notoriously by each successive dominant party for corrupt political purposes. Had the canal revenues and the sums which have been raised by loan been honestly and economically applied, no further loan would now have been required. In view of the injurious effects of this corruption, and of the constant appeals to the people for means to enlarge, continue, or repair the canals, many persons are inquiring whether the time has not come for the disposal of the canals to a private company. The States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Pennsylvania have all found it unprofitable and unsatisfactory to own public works. Can we expect to be an exception? Would it not be better to close the avenue to further expenditures and more corruption by taking measures for the sale of the canals as soon as possible?

## THE LOUNGER.

### ON WITH THE DANCE!

MUSARD, dear to Terpsichore—Musard, with his saltatory fiddle, is at hand.

Demersmann, the flutist, whose name is, of course, a household word; Hubans, the hautboyist, or the hautboyer, or however the boy hauts, of equally extended fame, are only waiting for Lent to be over to blow us all out upon the floor, and round and round in the dizzy waltz.

Now if Mr. Musard has a *Prima Donna* waltz of any kind which he can send all over the country, until pianos, bands, hand-organs, and even church choirs conspire to swell the lofty strain, he may be very sure of success. If not, he must see what masked balls can do.

If the Lounger were a raven he would croak that they could not be very successful. In Paris they are so, because they are the saturnalia of the *demi-monde*. In Rome they are so, because the Italians are an intriguing and festive people, and because every mask is an absolute concealment.

But how will our dear New York manage it? The nobility will sit in the boxes and look on, as they do at charity and military balls. The commonalty will put on false noses, wigs, black visors, and slashed cloaks. Some will perhaps try to drain courage from the bottle, and come on tipsy. But where will be the delicious daring, the wild recklessness of revel, the wit, the humor, the atmosphere of Carnival, the mystery, the romance, of Paris and Rome!

If the Lounger were a prophetic cynic, he would say that a masked ball at the Academy would be as like a genuine masquerade as the reception of Mohammed Pacha was like a real civic ovation.

But he hails the advent of Musard, and the beginning of promenade concerts, and whatever is cheerful and musical. He wonders whether Musard wears an expansive waistcoat—whether he has jetty ringlets curling about an aquiline nose—whether he pats the charmed air with outstretched fingers—and sinks, at last, exhausted, in negligent but effective grace, in a capacious arm-chair.

Thus he wonders of Musard, but echo answers, Julienne!

### THE REVIVAL.

NOT even a Lounger can help seeing the universal interest in the great religious movement of the moment. When, at high noon, in the densest business parts of the city, swarms of men are hurrying in various directions, and an observer learns that they are not going to the bank, and that they are not in all this hurry to save their credit but their souls; and when, for the first time in his experience, he sees that in a Christian community the Christian churches are not closed for six days in seven, but are open; that they are not attended by a few decorous listeners upon one day, but thronged with multitudes of eager and excited people several times every day, he will naturally do as this Lounger did, follow the crowd and observe the scene.

It was to Burton's old theatre that the Lounger went, on the day when Mr. Beecher was to lead the services. The crowd standing at the doors in the street showed him that he had little chance of getting inside of the building. In fact there was not room for another person. People were packed in the vestibule, and hung over the tops of doors, and strained their heads from the stair-cases, and stood patiently where they could neither see nor hear, in the hope that somebody would presently be driven out by the heat and open the way for a hundred people to fill the space in which one was squeezed. There was a constant restlessness on the rim of the crowd. Our fellow-citizens who could only put their noses over the shoulders of those who stood upon the sidewalk, naturally grew weary of that position, and withdrew. But every body within the doors seemed to be waiting and listening.

Suddenly a rich, full sound of singing poured out from the interior of the building. The great audience were singing a hymn to one of the well-known old tunes. Over the heads of the crowds about the inner doors the dimness of the interior was visible; figures were discernible, but very indistinctly. They were all turned one way, and seemed to be joining in the singing. It rang out boldly and cheerfully into the sunshine, and died away. The sound of a clear, earnest voice followed. It was impossible to recognize the voice or distinguish the words. But here was the old theatre turned into a church, and men and women were praying and singing hymns.

Following the current of the crowd, the Lounger crossed the Park to the Fulton Street meeting. There were the same crowds and the same exercises. The sounds of prayer and exhortation and singing were all mingled, and people were constantly pouring up and down the stairs. In one room a clerk was praying; in another an old sailor was exhorting; in another the whole company were singing.

In the street the shops were open, the drays and wagons passing, the busy crowds streaming along the sidewalks; truckmen were swearing, boys shouting, and the envelope-man closing over all with his mighty refrain of "F-o-u-rrr C-e-n-t-s." It was a soft spring day, and it was a pleasant thing to see the great church doors open and the iron gates turned back, so that, even in William Street, a bold boy might have sat upon the grass.

Will the city be better for all this? is the question every man asks himself. Will the spirit of Christianity more abound in William and Wall streets, in Nassau and Maiden Lane? There is always, of course, a certain amount of hysteria in the public mind, which is developed by this as by every other strong excitement. Superstition is always the aspect of popular ignorance; but no candid man can believe that this revival is only a morbid enthusiasm. Admitting every thing that is questionable about it, there remains the undoubted fact, confirmed by experience, that men and women are really made better. If such a meeting as that at Burton's can touch an erring woman as the writer of the following letter was touched, who shall smile or sneer at the Revival? The letter was read at the theatre on Wednesday.

"I am one of those who have not a father or mother—no Christian friends. Hated and despised by my own sex, I have felt abandoned. I am yet in a hopeless condition in life; but I have prayed that he who conversed with the woman of Samaria may reveal himself to my soul. Will you present my case to our Father who art in heaven, when you pray? And when you pray for me remember all abandoned young women, made so by the heartlessness of unprincipled men, and kept so by the pitiless prejudice of our own sex. MARTHA."

### A WORD FOR WOMEN.

THE letter of "Martha" reminds us of other women, and that the great financial crash trembled, in its consequences, to every quarter of society—however unheeded and remote. A man who has made a million may make a million, and when his riches take their natural wings we wonder only how soon he will catch more. But when a woman who gets twenty-five cents a day for making shirts suddenly finds there are no more shirts to be made because people who wear a fresh linen bosom every day must economize, a dreadful alternative is opened before her. Mr. Mayhew, in his work upon the

poor of London, which is more exciting than Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," mentions poor needlewomen whose wages, even when they had work, were not enough to save them from starvation, and who were forced to choose between their children's death and their own dishonor. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs"—the two most passionate cries for human misery in literature—are parts of the dreadful story of the life and the death of needlewomen. Now comes the sewing-machine, taking from those who had not even that which they had, and the condition of these poor women every where is most pitiable.

A series of lectures is to be delivered in the city during the month of April, in which the whole subject of women, in their social, industrial, and legal relations, will be considered. The tongues of the speakers are to be free to say just what they think upon this profoundly important theme. There is plenty of compliment to women in America—plenty of readiness to give a well-dressed woman a seat in an omnibus, and a pretty woman a front place at a lecture; but there are many questions to be answered before we can say that women are as justly placed in society as they are profusely flattered. The lectures are upon a subject of universal interest; the lecturers are Mr. Brady, Mr. Curtis, Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and the Hon. Eli Thayer; and the topics to be discussed by them are "Woman and her Legal Disabilities," "Fair Play for Woman," "Woman and her Work," "Woman and the Elective Franchise," and "The Benefit to Woman of Organized Emigration." The immediate occasion of the lectures is the assistance of the Shirt-sewers and Seamstresses' Union. Let us hope they may do something, not only to help prevent the life that leads to such letters as that of "Martha," but to excite a rational and generous public interest and sympathy in the question itself.

### ART CONVENTION.

Some of our artists have lately met in convention at Washington. The moment selected—that of the very crisis of the Kansas debate—was not a very promising one, but it was, doubtless, unavoidable. Old Mr. Peale was elected president. He delivered his lecture upon Washington's portraits, and Dr. Bellows an address, before the Convention. Report states that there was a crowded and fashionable audience, and, considering the time and the place, more interest was manifested by the public than could have been anticipated.

The object of the Convention seems to have been to take measures in some way to cultivate unanimity of action and an effective *esprit du corps* among the artists of the country from which might proceed a commanding influence upon the quality of the works of art commissioned by the Government. In other words, as the manufacturers of the country want to spin the cotton, so the painters want to paint the pictures for the country. To accomplish this result two ways are open to them, which were, doubtless, urged by the speakers. One is, to paint better pictures than the artists of other countries; the other is, to sell equally good pictures at a cheaper price.

That is, without question, the cotton-spinning view of the members from all parts of the country, who have no taste for, nor knowledge of, pictures. The Capitol at Washington is quite full of pictures—so is the Vatican at Rome. Probably the honorable members would find it difficult to decide, abstractly, between the merits of the two galleries. If the artists mean to make it a matter of national pride that the pictures in an American building shall be painted by American artists—that is, at least, patriotic. But is there not a third way of proceeding, not indicated in the strictly cotton-spinning view? For instance, might not the public taste itself be cultivated as well as the vote of Congress controlled, with a view to the ulterior knowledge without which commissions will remain, as they are now, mere matters of lobbying? And is it not a very good way to cultivate public taste to collect and exhibit good pictures, by whomsoever painted?

It will, however, be a matter of satisfaction to every body interested in art to know that the artists have begun to move in the matter. Instead of tagging on a commission to paint pictures to the tail of an army bill, or a vote of thanks to Brigadier-General Bomb, it will be agreeable to know that a Committee of Congress has advised with a body of men who understand the subject. The Chairman of the Committee of Commerce would hardly venture to report a bill without some consultation with merchants; and the Committee on Fine Arts, or whatever Committee has the matter in charge, could not do better than follow a wise example.

However, as for the active co-operation or association of artists there may be both an incredulity and a question—a doubt whether it is very likely or possible, and an inquiry whether art itself is ever benefited by such associations. That artists should have their guild, like mechanics and authors, and all other workmen, for the purpose of mutually helping pecuniary fortunes and worldly comfort, is as just as possible. But can they accomplish any other kind of result by it? Is this union commenced at Washington likely to do more than benefit some particular American artist or artists, leaving American Art itself untouched? Will there be any less favoritism, lobbying, and ignorance than now?

The Lounger speaks on both sides, because he is really an inquirer, and not a judge.

### WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

Who is considered the greatest living man in the world? We must omit, of course, the mute inglorious Miltons and gems of purest ray serene. But who among men, whose names are familiar, is probably conceded to be the greatest man? The verdict of the Future will doubtless be very different from ours. Probably the brilliant court of Leo Tenth, the head of the world of civilization at that time, did not imagine the refractory and brawny monk of Wittenberg was to overtop all men in his age, and lead the world in future ages. But, for all that, we have a right to our opinion.

Is it the inventor of the electric telegraph? Is it Louis Napoleon? Is it Dickens? Is it our venerated Chief Magistrate? Is it Humboldt? If it be he who has seen most and knows most in the various departments of human knowledge, must it not be the latter? If it be he who has the most affluent and universally-recognized creative genius, must it not be Dickens? If it be he who has made the most astonishing addition to the mechanical forces of the world, must it not be Morse? If the most successfully audacious and the most conspicuous potentate, is it not Louis Napoleon? If it be the President of the United States, must it not be our venerated Chief Magistrate?

We are inclined to think that Humboldt would carry the largest vote if the world could be polled. His life has been, and is now, a wonderful life. His services to mankind have lain happily in a sphere whose debates never convulse nations, and in whose results only the world is interested. Then what a book is *Cosmos!* How ripe with wisdom, how rich with experience! What a crown to a life of earnest study, of lofty thought, and of humane sympathy!

A palm-tree in a botanical garden first awakened in him the longing to travel and explore. The transplanted siren sang to him of the tropics in which she was born, and his journeyings began before old men who are now living were boys. They are over now. In his ninetieth year the old man is still cheerful and active; fresh in mind and firm in body; going to balls and concerts—he was at the ball in honor of the young Prussian bride—and minding all the proprieties, as is the custom of European *savants*. Ten years ago the Lounger saw him walking in the great funeral procession of "the dead of the eighteenth of March," in Berlin. He was never a politician, nor an actor in public affairs, except to be one of the Privy Council of the King of Prussia; but he was understood to sympathize with the popular feeling, not always with the popular movement. His plate was always placed at the King's table. In the country palace of Potsdam, at Sans Souci, there was the chamber of Humboldt, and Germany honors him with a kind of royal reverence. He is often ill and severely, although but for a short time. It can not be long before we shall have news of the death of a great and good man; and it is, therefore, with the greatest interest that the last letter he will probably ever write to this country will be read. It was addressed to the President of the American Institute, whom Humboldt supposed to be Judge Talmadge. The translation does not appear to be very happy, although it may be very literal—but how genial and pleasant the letter is!

"Berlin, *February* 25, 1858.

"Mr. President,—Through the kindness of his Excellency Mr. Wright, the respectable Minister of the United States at Berlin, I have received the interesting volumes of the annual transactions of the American Institute, and I beg, Mr. President, of that noble and patriotic institution to accept the assurance of the gratitude I feel for the honor done to me by this benevolent remembrance of me. Devoted as I am to the interests of your beautiful and powerful country ever since the time of Jefferson, I feel sensibly this mark of your remembrance.

"Condescend to accept kindly this assurance from an old man—almost an antediluvian—of the homage and respect of your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. L. Humboldt."

### "THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

Whoever has traveled in foreign lands feels a secret longing kindled in his heart by the returning spring. The whole visible world is starting again, and his heart starts with it. Memory is no less strong than Hope, and whether he looks backward or forward he sees alluring images that beckon him on.

The snows are not melted yet among the Alps; but already tables are placed upon the Boulevards in front of the cafés, and chatting Paris is sitting in the street: already the chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries is in bloom, and Easter bonnets begin to blossom at *Longchamps*. In England the "season" is beginning, for stout John Bull prefers his polka in June. How beautiful the London parks will be a few weeks later! What a city to wander over, exploring and exploring in the genial weather! How Londoners must love London! And how they ought to! But on the southern slope of the Alps summer is not far away. There are camelias at Isola Bella, the grass of the villa Pamphili is blue with violets; there are soft infinities of blue sky opening beyond the Alban Mount. But in Naples!—*ma in Hispania, mille e tre!*

Beyond the Mediterranean—upon the banks of the Nile—on the desert—among the almond-groves of Damascus—on the solemn hills of Jerusalem—by this time there is the tenderest bloom, and in the plain of Esdraelon toward the sea-shore such gorgeous and multitudinous flowers! In Jerusalem itself—the joy of the whole earth—this is the very moment of the year. You may sit now upon your house-top, and hear the clear, sad, vibrating cry of the muezzin; you may watch the delicate lights upon the airy dome of Omar; you may look up over the walls to the silent, gray Mount of Olives; or into the city upon the heavy pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But when you see that, you will come down, and thread your way toward it through the rough, stony streets, and entering at the door, mingle in the most motley and remarkable ceremony of Christendom.

Even those who have not traveled have the kindest interest in travel; love to listen to travelers; and believe that one day they shall see as well as hear. But the universal interest of Christendom concentrates upon Jerusalem. No other city—not Athens, nor Rome, nor Damascus, nor Paris, nor London—has such a profound and mysterious charm for the civilized world. The interest of the study of Jerusalem is inexhaustible. America had contributed one of the most valuable and learned treatises upon the subject in the work of Dr. Robinson; and she now adds another in Dr. Barclay's "City of the Great King." It is a complete cyclopedia of Jerusalem; an invaluable *vade-mecum* for the traveler, and a body of learning for the student. The Doctor, who was a missionary, and a scientific man, enjoyed peculiar opportunities of research and investigation. His work is amply provided with maps, plans, and pictures; and the author has his own theories about controverted points and places, which he sustains with skill and vigor, but with what justice a wiser than the Lounger must decide. It is not a book of travels, but a copious collection of all the great facts in the history, condition, and prospects of Jerusalem. The Doctor has little literary skill, but he distinctly informs us that his work was not prepared for amusement so much as instruction. But it is entertaining, notwithstanding, and without question the best work extant upon the holy city.

In fact, it is hard to be dull, even if one would, upon some subjects. The interest of Jerusalem itself is so deep and commanding that whoever talks about it must have listeners. Dr. Barclay does not talk like a poet or an enthusiast, but like a man of science dealing with facts, and the facts about Jerusalem are full of romance.

### P. P. C.

The Lounger has already attended some three farewell concerts of that admirable young violinist, Paul Jullien. He was delighted to do it; for there are few more exquisite and satisfactory players. The only danger was that he would be spoiled—that he would suppose he had accomplished every thing, and that he would continue to give *concerts d'adieux*.

What a singular fancy that of playing only at farewell concerts—more singular still, of giving only farewell concerts! It must be nearly two years since the last farewell, and now we are informed of another—another performance prior to some departure for some other place. He does play beautifully upon the strings of his violin; but why try so desperately to play upon the public heart-strings also? And why issue a manifesto, like a corn-doctor, or an emperor after a *coup d'état?*

Mr. Burton is a capital actor. He makes people laugh, and cry too, because he has the genuine dramatic genius. But how very foolish—the Lounger puts it to any young violinist—to announce himself every evening for a last and farewell appearance? Why call it Mr. Burton's farewell appearance prior to his appearance to-morrow evening? Of course it is so. But we might boldly assume as much, even if it were not stated upon the bills.

Will our excellent young M. Jullien never return? If his farewell concert should be overwhelmingly attended, and crowds be sent from the doors, might he not be persuaded to tarry just one night for another farewell performance for the crowds who could not get in? If there were still disappointed people, might he not be persuaded to take farewell number three, and so on to number twenty, if necessary? The Lounger certainly wishes he might be called upon to take so many farewells; but he would advise him to use the simple word "concert," and to say that tickets were one dollar. He would distinctly advise him not to address "America" upon the subject of his gratitude to it for recognizing his talent; and especially warn him to beware, in a community where good English is spoken, of talking of "the innate gift of ability."

M. Jullien will come to New York, the Lounger sincerely hopes, many more times, and give many more concerts, at which he will play in his delightful manner. He is (or was) a most attractive and excellent performer. He had no fault but that of giving farewell concerts; and now, having been hidden somewhere for several months, he begins a new career by giving "a farewell concert."

The poor public is not considered very shrewd. But it has, at last, begun to discover that the issuing of cards and addresses by musicians and singers, and the giving of grand farewell concerts by the same, like the letters of well-known citizens inviting gentlemen to lecture, are tolerably accurate indications that, for some reason, poor houses are apprehended.

## Bohemian Walks and Talks.

### MUSARD.

"Fiorentino" has, in one of his latest *feuilletons*, a great lament for the Musardines, now that Musard has gone to the "country of the Yankees." Now that the Hotel d'Osmond has lost its prime caterer, the condition of its customers is truly pitiable. Who forgets the fiery sign in front of the *salon?* Who does not remember the various occult games and sports that were practiced in the ante-rooms of the concert, the aim whereof (the games I mean) seemed to be to transfer all the small change from your pocket to that of the keeper of the table? The numerous photographs of Musard and his lieutenants in various shapes; the innocent-looking *pompiers* in their brass helmets and baggy trowsers, the affable *sergéns de ville* who told you to "move on" with an air that could not be resisted. And the *salon* itself? What a charming lounge! What a delicious place for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar! The hall opening on each side into a garden, one could either listen to the music quietly or promenade, or get away into a quiet corner of the garden where the melody came softened like the murmurs of a waterfall. Paris is generally too noisy—there is too much out of doors about it; but the Hotel d'Osmond had many a sly flirting corner. The price of admission was only nominal—one franc—and every one went. I have seen some of Hail Columbia's proudest and fairest daughters intermixed with the Musardines.

And the concert itself. It is charming. In front stands Musard, fit successor to him who was called the king of the quadrille, and whose subjects remained faithful under the Empire, the Bourbons, Louis Philippe, and the Republic. Musard, under all these political fluctuations, held his undisputed despotic sway. The respectable persons abovementioned attempted to govern the heads of the people. But Musard, more sensible, knew that most Frenchmen can be better ruled through their heels than their heads, and his kingdom was founded upon a rock. The Prince Musard, now in New York, may be five-and-thirty, and, as Ethelinda remarked to young Foozle the other day, he is "not a bad-looking fellow." Tall and thin, with fine profile and good eyes, his manner, if not *distingué*, is gentlemanly, easy, and thoroughbred. He leads the orchestra with the utmost *sang froid*. He knows they can not go wrong. He has no grand flourishes with his *baton*—no tremendous waistcoats or flashy cravats of the fashion of the king of the swell-mob, Jullien—but the Prince Musard seems as if he had just dropped in upon the perfectly-balanced orchestra to exercise a gentle superintendence over it, and to exchange pleasant greetings with the audience, which is composed almost entirely of old friends. Such is Musard as he appears to the lounger upon the Boulevard du Gaud. His concerts illuminated the only dreary place from the Place de la Concorde to the Boulevard du Temple. It was the Niblo's Garden of Paris, as Niblo's Garden was when it had a whitewashed board fence on the Broadway side.

What Musard will do among us barbarous Yankees I know not. He will undoubtedly organize a good orchestra and conduct it well. The rest is the public's affair.

### SALTER.

Salter has been making a great deal of fuss about town. Do you know Salter? No. Well, then, you must know that Salter is a person from Vienna, and that Salter plays upon the piano; that Salter is an imitator of the school of Liszt. Salter, they say, although not at all handsome, has made a great *furore* among some of the young lady adherents of the gentle Gottschalk, who is now restoring his health and earning doubloons "i the Indies." Poor Gottschalk! Salter now reigns in thy stead. The amateurs are a good deal bothered about Salter. They don't exactly know whether he is good for any thing or not. He has great facility of execution, and produces wonderful effects, does Salter. He can do every thing with the piano, Salter can. No man could do more with the key-board than Salter, and if any man could do more it would be of no consequence.

### THE SPRING BONNETS.

Rusticus arrived in town last week, from the interior of Hamilton county, where railways, skeleton skirts, defaulting bankers, and other metropolitan luxuries have not hitherto penetrated. Rusticus had to make a few small purchases, and, of course, he went in Broadway to do it. Every body from Hamilton county purchases in Broadway. It was just the time when all female New York was chorusing with the gipsies in Guy Mannering, "It is our opening day." Poor Rusticus found himself entirely swamped in an ocean of crinoline. The shops were crowded with angels who went ballooning about from place to place, chatting and laughing, and having a "high old time generally." In the confused murmur that came to his ear, there was something like "a love of a thing;" "very sweet;" "don't go out in Lent;" "what an awful shame!" "oh, dear, just look at this hat!" "took poison, did he, poor thing!" "twelve dollars;" "revival;" "the other;" "the old brute ordered him out of the house;" "I thought flowers were going out this year;" "drank laudanum in her chamber;" "two ounces;" "good gracious! what a splendid bow!" "saved—pumped out;" "be married now;" "got two wives in Italy;" "wretch;" "blue, please;" "oh, I am jammed!" "steel sticking in somewhere;" "yes, dear;" "only thirty;" "how cheap!"

No wonder that Rusticus was completely carried away by all this chattering, and so far bewildered by the crush of the fair ones that he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. He bought three new bonnets at thirty-five dollars each, for ma, Matilda Ann (the female hope of the family), and Araminta Jane (the young person whom Rusticus intends to honor with his hand); so if you hear of a revolution in the rural districts, and a great combined movement for the right of woman to have "new bonnets from York," you'll know what caused it. These openings, whether of bonnets or streets, are sometimes dangerously expensive.

### THE LAST MATINEE.

The Opera *matinée* was a beneficent invention for those persons who had nothing to do, no one to do it with, and nowhere to go in the middle of the day; except ladies, that class here is not very large. People who come from the country are in the highest state of beatitude if they can be permitted to sit in the "office" of their hotels, with their feet higher than their heads. There they smoke, chew, and expectorate till dinner-time, and in the evening go to see some abominable play. Had the *matinées* been more frequent, these rusurbans might have been seduced away from their spittoons; but just as the entertainment was growing popular it was "nipped in the bud."

But, alas! such is always the case. Whoever had a gazelle that didn't "up and die?" The *levees* of Calypso and Euterpe, in morning dresses at half price, were charming, but too good to last. So on Saturday there was a great gathering of the "brave, the wise, the good," under the dome of the Academy to hear Formes, Johannsen, & Co. sing Flotow's Martha. The affair was too brilliant for description. It makes me shed tears to think how blessings brighten as they take their flight. You will not intrude upon a sacred sorrow, and so I will again return to dignified retirement, alone to weep, not as one who can not be comforted, because Musard, the friend of the Bohemians and the *flaneurs*, may yet give us a morning concert or two. Do, *M. le Prince, s. v. p.*

# POMPEY'S PHILOSOPHY.—[IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

I.

WHERE queenly Richmond from the hills
Looks down on James's roaring river,
Hard by Gallego's monstrous mills,
Where packet-boats their freights deliver,

II.

Upon a bale of Yankee hay,
Half dreaming in the warm sunlight,
A ragged boatman, basking, lay—
Pompey the pop-eyed was he hight.

III.

Upon his shock of glistening wool
He wore a hat without a crown,
And, scantly-covered as his skull,
His shapely feet hung dangling down.

IV.

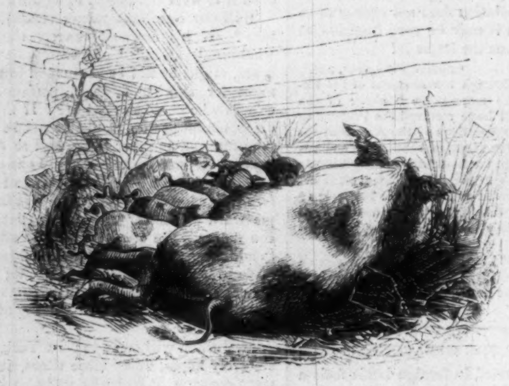
A merchant who was passing near
Heard Cuffey thus soliloquize:
"Wittles down here is 'mazing dear;
A lazy nigger I despise.

V.

If I'd a dollar of my own,"
He murmured, as he scratched his wig,
"When I gits back to Jefferson,
I would invest it in a pig.

VI.

A sow 'twould be, of Berkshire breed;
I'd build a pen near master's barn,
That she might never lack for feed—
For master he has heaps of corn.



VII.

There she would thrive, and, in due time,
Would pig a dozen, or fifteen;
And when these were in order prime,
In market here they'd soon be seen.

VIII.

The money that this pork would bring
I would lay out in market truck;
And in three years or more, by jing!
I'd have a hatful—with good luck.

IX.

From master, then, my time I'd buy
(He thinks this nigger is a fool,
And sell him cheap); then I would try
To set me up a cart and mule.

X.

I'd quickly come to Richmond town,
And cut a swell with my new team;
All day I'd truck it up and down,
And money 'd pour in like a stream.

XI.

In three years more—or maybe two—
I'd be both free and rich together;
And would retire, like white folks do,
Eat, and do nothing whatsomever."

XII.

"Here!" quoth the merchant. Pompey started.
"See Fortune present when you call her;
Such good designs should ne'er be thwarted;
Go! make your fortune—here's the dollar."

XIII.

Low louted Pompey to the ground,
And, as his staring eyes waxed bigger,
He grinned and chuckled, "I'll be bound
I knows a gent'man by his figure."

XIV.

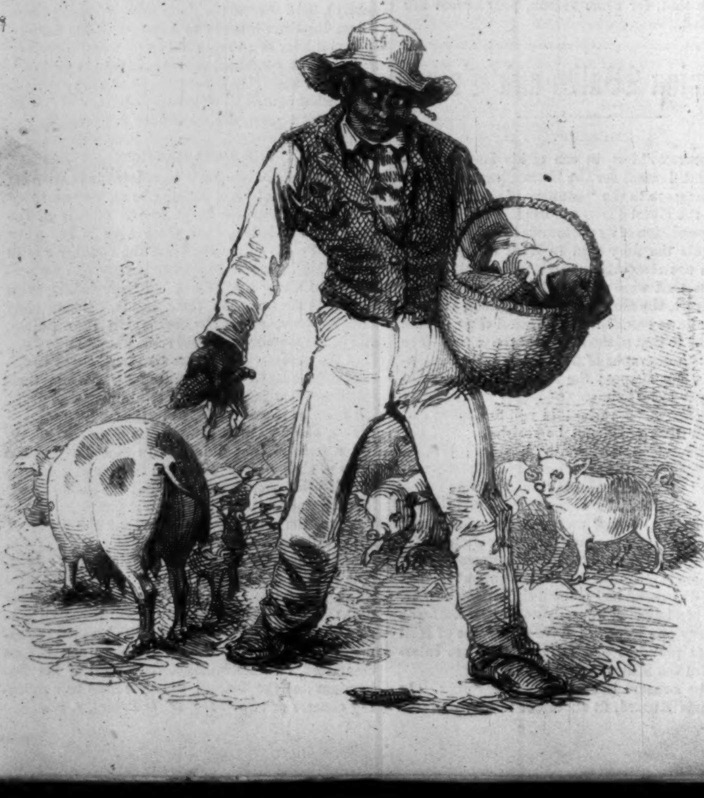
He grinned to north—he grinned to south;
He turned his grinning face t'ward Rockett's,
And put the dollar in his mouth—
A negro's substitute for pockets.

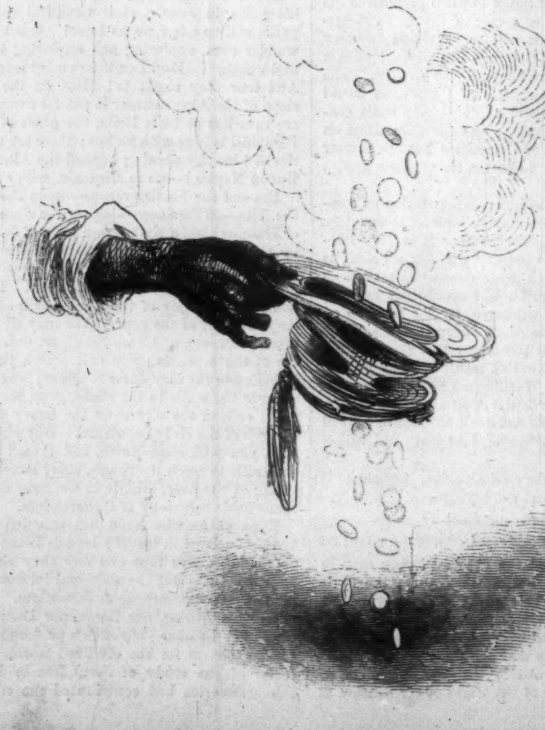
XV.

His dreams forgot, by instinct drawn,
He wends his way to where he wot of—
A place to colored boatmen known,
But which the city guard knows not of.

XVI.

'Twas near the hour of evening gray,
The thoughtful merchant homeward sauntered,
His quondam friend upon the way,
All drunk and reeling, he encountered.





XVII.

"Ah! wretch, this can not be excused!
To aid your fortune I was thinking;
But you my kindness have abused,
And spent the day in lawless drinking."

XVIII.

"Good master!" cried the goggle-eyed,
Striving to mantle his confusion—
"I'se put dem notions all aside,
And cogitate to dis conclusion:

XIX.

"That way we thought of takes so long,
I wish to git my freedom quicker;
Now all the world to me belong—
I 'nvested master's gift in licker!"

## LORD DERBY, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of Lord Derby, the present prime minister of Great Britain, and one of the most famed orators in England.

It has been said of the highest nobles of England that there is no position in the world to be compared to the one which they occupy. The remark may well be applied to Lord Derby. Descended from one of the oldest of the great families of England, fourteenth Earl of Derby, he enjoys by right of mere birth a rank higher than genius or any possible success in life can win for their possessor, and equal, if not superior, to any station in the world, the kingly estate alone excepted. Endowed with wealth so large as to be wholly independent of pecuniary considerations, he has never felt the debasing influences which thoughts of money-getting engender, and his mind has always been free to devote its whole energy to the pursuit of high and exalting objects. Born of a race which has for generations made statesmanship its trade, he has enjoyed advantages, in point of elaborate training, hereditary experience, and cunningly-devised schemes of education, such as fall to the lot of no men in the world save a few of the class to which he belongs. Such a man may well provoke the envy of the ambitious; and if to this accidental good fortune he add the common merits of a quick intelligence, an aptitude for oratory, and very remarkable powers of application, his good luck seems too astonishing to be real. Such has been the fortune of the present Earl of Derby.

When in 1820, at the age of twenty-one, he became competent to take his seat among the members of the British House of Commons, his grandfather, the Earl of Derby, presented him to Stockbridge, which constituency was in the Earl's pocket, and therefore naturally returned his nominee. He made his mark in Parliament by several brilliant speeches within a few months after his appearance in the House of Commons, and soon took a prominent place among the Whig leaders. He was known at this time as Mr. Stanley, his grandfather being alive, and his father enjoying the title of Lord Stanley. He sat in Parliament successively as member for Stockbridge, Preston, and Windsor, and acted with the Whig or Liberal party. His later elections were due entirely to the influence of that party, and his promotion to office—he became Secretary for Ireland under Earl Grey—was wholly due to the favor in which he stood with the Liberal leaders. In his official capacity he contrived to win more general unpopularity than any Secretary for Ireland before or since. No doubt, at the time, it was very difficult, if at all possible, for an English minister to administer the affairs of Ireland so as to satisfy its turbulent and short-sighted people. Mr. Stanley certainly managed to render himself hated by them, and not over-appreciated by the people of the sister isles. There are many persons who remember him best by the name of the "scorpion Stanley," which was frequently bestowed on him by the arch-agitator O'Connell.

In 1834 there appeared to be a prospect of the Whig party breaking up. The Reform Bill, on which they had rested their claims to public support, had become a law, and the Tories once more loomed in the distance as a formidable opposition. Mr. Stanley, who had done so well by his connection with the Liberals, and whose national reputation rested on the share he had taken in their great reforms, judged that the time had come to shift his colors; and, on the occasion of a party measure introduced by Earl Grey, boldly seceded from the Whig camp, and went over to the Conservative or Tory party. The question of free trade—which in England means the question whether breadstuffs shall be taxed or no—was coming up; the Whig liberals took the ground that the poor should be enabled to buy bread as cheaply as possible, the Tory conservatives that the farmers should be protected from competition with foreign agriculturists by a tax on foreign breadstuffs. Mr. Stanley took the side of the latter. He maintained, in a number of ingenious speeches, that it was the duty of Parliament to support the farmers—that is to say, the landed aristocracy—at any cost; that the consideration of cheap bread for the poor was of insignificant moment in comparison with the maintenance of rents and the income of the landed proprietors. Holding these views, when the Whigs naturally broke down after their victories in 1833 and the following years, Mr. Stanley was called to the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, and under that chief filled the office of Colonial Secretary.

When Sir Robert Peel had the manliness to confess that he had been all along wrong, and that the protective duties on foreign breadstuffs ought to be repealed in order to give cheap bread to the poor, Mr. Stanley was one of the members of his party who deserted him. He held out to the last in favor of the agricultural—that is to say, the aristocratic—interest; and when Sir Robert became prime minister in 1846, and proceeded to repeal the Corn Laws, Mr. Stanley—who now became, by the death of his grandfather, Lord Stanley—took a leading part in opposing him.

From this time forth Lord Stanley was recognized as one of the leaders of the Protectionist Party in England. In one sense he was *the* leader of that party. He was the only chief it had who was capable of contending in Parliament against the chiefs of the Free-traders, and his rank and the prestige of his name gave him a marked advantage over the other Conservative leaders.

In the year 1851 his father died, and he duly succeeded to the title of the Earl of Derby. This settled his position. He became the leader of the party which advocated the reimposition of protective duties on foreign breadstuffs; and, in virtue of that attitude, enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the landed aristocracy of England. Accordingly, when in that year Lord John Russell found himself incapable of carrying on the government of England, he recommended Lord Derby as his successor, according to established usage. Unfortunately, when the latter tried to form a cabinet, he could not find men enough of the proper stamp to aid him in the work of carrying on the government, and declined the honor. A twelve-month afterward he was more successful. Another defeat of the ministry compelled the Whigs to hand over the government to their opponents; and this time Lord Derby became prime minister, with a number of his Protectionist friends to support him, and a small minority of Parliament to see him through.

It was thoroughly understood that, now that Lord Derby had attained the post which had been throughout life the dearest object of his ambition, he would bestir himself actively to carry into effect the designs which it had been the purpose of his life to avow, and which had won for him the position which he held among the landed aristocracy of England. It was confidently expected that he would at least attempt to reimpose protective duties on foreign breadstuffs. Instead of this he deliberately bestowed his attention on the best method of extending and consolidating the free-trade measures of his opponents, which it had been the aim of his life to defeat, and whose passage had clustered round him the thew and sinew of his supporters.

Partly in consequence of the disgust created by this second tergiversation, and partly from the inherent absurdity of the Tory platform in modern England, Lord Derby was soon compelled to relinquish power, and to fall back upon his old position of head of the Tory opposition. He remained in that attitude for several years. During these years he faithfully adhered—in all respects save the free-trade question—to the ancient platform of the Tories. Especially was he noted for his strenuous and eloquent opposition to every bill which contemplated in any the least degree to extend the political rights of the people. Any extension of the suffrage, he argued, could not but be fatal to British institutions, and to the permanency of the British empire; and accordingly he opposed with all the power that was in him, in the House and out of the House, with speech and writing, at all times, in all places, and in all ways, every bill or resolution which could by any possibility lead to an enlargement of the number of parliamentary electors, or to any expansion of the political privileges of the working-men of England. He was known throughout the British empire as the champion of the existing electoral law, and as the resolute opponent of popular suffrage.

During the Russian war he remained in dignified obscurity. Not until the past few weeks has any opportunity offered for his giving expression to his peculiar views. In the early part of this year, some acrimonious feeling having grown out of certain insolent dispatches sent to England by the French Government, the Palmerston ministry were sacrificed in the endeavor to stand by the Emperor of the French. The Radicals, representing on this occasion the best heads and hearts in England, opposed the concessions which the Government was prepared to make to the French; and Lord Derby and his conservative followers joining them, they succeeded in overthrowing Lord Palmerston, and forcing him to resign his office.

The old Whig leader accompanied his resignation with a recommendation to the Queen of Lord Derby as his successor. Lord Derby formed a Cabinet out of his old Tory - Conservative - Protectionist - anti-reform associates, and assumed the direction of the affairs of the country. He has fitly inaugurated his administration by announcing that one of the first measures which he will propose to Parliament will be a bill to enlarge the list of electors.

His life has been a succession of bolts; he seems only to have sought office in order to repudiate his principles, and to give the lie to his professions. The ultimate fate of such a politician must be the same in England as it would be here: he will be driven from office with as much derision as every leading event of his life has elicited contempt.

Lord Derby married, in 1825, Emma Caroline Wilbraham, daughter of Lord Skermersdale. His eldest son, Lord Stanley, is one of the most rising politicians of England; he is liberal in his views, and is classed as "the most American" of the British statesmen of the day.

THE EARL OF DERBY, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

## LITERARY.

It is now some time since we have seen the name of Donald G. Mitchell, Esq., on the title-page of a new work; and here we have it on the outside of an agricultural address which he delivered before the Connecticut Agricultural Society.

Here are no reveries of a bachelor, but the plain matter-of-fact teachings of a practical farmer. The address is refreshing. It is an oasis among the deserts of this sort of public speech. It is polished and artistic, while it is frank and hearty in tone. Mr. Mitchell speaks like one who knows what he talks about. He hits hard raps at "gentleman-farming," as it is called; throws cold water on the absurdities of high-priced imported stock; recommends thrift, economy, and common-sense rules, in this forcible and telling way:

"You shall not bluff me off by saying you care nothing for looks; you do care for looks; you always have cared for looks. For what else did you, who need only a small house, build one of two stories, and set it off with white clapboards and with green blinds, and perhaps a cupola? For what else, in the days that went before your marriage with that very respectable woman, your wife, did you prig before your glass, and twig at your shirt-collars?

"Ay, we all care for looks, each man in his way. But I would entreat you to give less heed to the shirt-collars, and more to the flowers that enliven home; less to the green blinds and the cupola, where you never go, and more to the books and pictures about your family room. Do not build keeping-rooms to go in once a year: do not stifle yourself in small kitchens for the sake of showing up a shabby-genteel parlor once a month to your parson, or to the kindly gossips of your sewing-society. Make your living room the largest, the sunniest, the most cheerful of your whole house. Let the winter's noon stream into it, warm and golden. Let the feathery tufts of grasses, and the flaming boughs of autumn, which your daughters' hands have gathered, rustle and glow upon the mantle. Let there be pictures on the wall which shall keep ever in your eye their lessons of Faith, lessons of Courage, lessons of Charity. Make it altogether such a place as your friends shall delight to linger in, and your children's hearts cleave to—fondly—always! Let there be no sham about your house: rooms you do not want; blinds you never open or shut; cupolas which have no use. These things are as arrant and abominable affectations as any coxcombery of cities. Let all your home-furnishings and surroundings be typical of comfort, typical of order, typical of refinement."

Apropos of addresses, we have received one de-

livered in the old Representatives' Hall at Washington, by Edward M. Gallaudet, on the occasion of an exhibition of the pupils of the new National Institute for Deaf Mutes, which is under his charge at the Capitol. The address is simple and eloquent, and appeals strongly to the country for the support of this enterprise. Mr. Gallaudet is the son of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, whose fame in the same benevolent work is world-wide.

Carter & Brothers publish Hymns of the Church Militant—a collection made by Miss Warner, whose taste is excellent, and which will prove itself acceptable to all who desire a general collection of hymns without reference to church books. We find many ancient favorites here which have long ago escaped out of the ordinary hymn-books.

Another delightful collection of songs is published by Randolph, and entitled Little Songs for Little People, than which we know no collection more judicious or more complete. Many a house will ring with the music of these songs, sung by the voices that are purest and pleasantest of all in the world; for if they do not sing in harmony, the little ones sing in perfect melody, and oftentimes it is far more cheering to hear their voices than would be a full orchestra or a perfectly trained choir.

Carter & Brothers publish in their Fireside Library series Passing Clouds, or Love Conquering Evil, an excellent little book for young people; and also The Roby Family, or Battling with the World, which is a conclusion to "The Giant Killer," a little book that many of our young readers will remember with pleasure. The lady author of these books has become very popular with the little folks; and as her lessons are unexceptionable, her books are desirable additions to the juvenile literature of the day.

One of the most valuable books of the past week is a new edition of the Rev. Dr. Riggs's Manual of the Chaldee Language, thoroughly revised by him, and forming now the only reliable work of its kind. To clergymen and Hebrew scholars in general we need not commend this book, but to general students of language we shall do a favor in directing their attention to it. Much interest has been manifested of late in the study of the Shemitish languages, both in England and America. Dr. Riggs has returned from his long residence in the East with perhaps a more complete understanding of those languages than any American scholar; and although his work is small, its condensation, simplicity, and clearness sufficiently evince the long study and careful labor which have enabled him to produce it.

John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, issue new editions of their Hand-books of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas and Nebraska, of all which we have before spoken. That of Kansas contains too much political matter that does not belong in a hand-book, but it contains also much interesting and valuable information for emigrants and others.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

### CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 22, in the Senate, Senators Stuart, Bayard, Broderick, Douglas, and Toombs spoke on the Kansas question.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Stephens, and after debate by Messrs. Stephens, Phillips, Stanton, and Hughes, the witness Wolcott was handed over to the law for trial at the criminal court on the indictment found against him. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill being then taken up, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Garnett, Bishop, Pottle, Morris, Abbott, and Kellogg.

On Tuesday, 23d, after a speech on the Kansas question by Senator Green, that Senator moved the following amendments, which were carried:

*First.*—Strike out of the preamble and substitute, "Whereas, the people of the Territory of Kansas did, by a convention of delegates called and assembled at Lecompton, September 4, 1857, form for themselves a Constitution and State Government, which said Convention having asked the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State, on an equal footing with the original States," etc.

*Secondly*—Add to section 2, ninth line, "That nothing in this act shall be construed to abridge or infringe any right of the people, asserted in the Constitution of Kansas, at all times, to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such manner as they may think proper—Congress hereby disclaiming any authority to intervene or declare the construction of the Constitution of any State, except to see that it is Republican in form, and not in conflict with the United States."

The vote on the last amendment was 31 to 25. Senator Pugh then moved, and it was carried, that the Federal laws, if not inapplicable, be extended into the State of Kansas, and a judicial district be formed as in Iowa. Senator Crittenden moved his amendment, in substance that the Lecompton Constitution be submitted now to the people of Kansas, and if approved of, that the President admit Kansas by proclamation; if rejected, the people of Kansas to call another convention and frame a new Constitution. This amendment was lost by 24 to 34. The amended Bill to admit Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution was then put and carried by 33 to 25.——The House, on assembling, went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Kellogg, Singleton, Howard, Barnett, Blair, Wortendyke, and Potter.

On Wednesday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented New York resolutions against Lecompton. Senator Wilson introduced a bill authorizing the construction of an electric telegraph to Utah. Various petitions were presented—among others, two for a relief (*i. e.*, bankrupt) law. A resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of suspending the Territorial laws of Utah. Senator Iverson, from the Military Committee, reported back without amendment the bills for the employment of a regiment of mounted volunteers on the Texan frontier, and for the calling out by the President four additional regiments of volunteers. Several unimportant memorials were reported and resolutions considered, when Senator Gwin proposed to take up the Pacific Railroad. After discussion, the Minnesota Bill was taken up in preference, and some discussion between Senators Seward, Pugh, Bates, and others followed.——The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Clark of Missouri, Granger, Clark of New York, Kilgore, Stewart, and Buffinton.

On Thursday, 25th, anti-Slavery resolutions were presented from Maine by Senator Fessenden (in spite of objections from Senator Mason), and from New York by Senator Seward. Various private bills were considered. The Committee on Commerce reported back without amendment the bill for a uniform code of international marine signals. The Minnesota Bill having been taken up, speeches were made by Senators Toombs, Brown, Wilson, Johnson, Mason, and Crittenden.——In the House, some conversation took place between Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, Washburn, and Montgomery as to the day on which the vote on the Kansas question should be taken, but no result was reached. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill having been taken up, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Peyton, Grow, Reilly, Thayer, Moore, Washburne of Illinois, Davis, Dean, Boyce, Covode, and Robbins. In the course of the debate it was understood that Mr. Stephens would, on the Thursday following, move to take up the Kansas Bill, and would move the previous question.

On Friday, 26th, the Senate not being in session, the House was occupied with the Lecompton Constitution, and speeches on the subject were made by Messrs. English, Smith of Virginia, Davis, Marshall, Palmer, and Morris.

On Saturday, 27th, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Seward of Georgia presented the report of the committee in Matteson's case, to the effect that it is inexpedient to take further steps for his expulsion. After conversation between Messrs. Seward and Craige the report was agreed to by 96 to 60. Mr. Glancy Jones, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill making appropriations for expenses incurred in collecting the revenue from customs, and repealing all laws authorizing their payment on the Pacific coast out of the revenue before being paid into the Treasury. Also a bill modifying the act of 1857, relative to the safe-keeping of the transfer and disbursements of the public revenue, so as to authorize the disbursing agent with the sanction of the head of his department, to hold money and pay it directly to the person to whom payment is to be made, without first depositing the same in the Treasury. The Kansas question was then taken up and speeches thereon made by Messrs. Shaw, Morris, Smith of Virginia, Burnett, Lane, and Hall.

### REPUBLICAN REPORT ON LECOMPTON.

We gave, in a former number, the substance of the Majority and Douglas Reports of the House Committee on Kansas. The following is the point of the Republican minority of that Committee: They claim that "the Lecompton Convention could not make a valid Constitution:

"1. Because, whatever inherent power the people may possess, Congress refused all legal authority to the Territorial Legislature to call the Convention, though urged by President Pierce;

"2. Because the Legislature which created it was itself the creature of fraud and foreign invasion, and that this usurpation was never consummated by the acquiescence of the people;

"3. Because the Act of that Legislature, passed February 19, 1857, to 'provide for taking a census and the election of delegates to a Convention,' was never fairly executed. The census was incomplete, the registry was incomplete, the apportionment was incomplete, and the number of delegates assembled was incomplete;

"4. Because, through the nefarious apportionment, the threatened exclusion from the polls unless coupled with the payment of a tax to support a Government imposed upon them by high-handed outrages, through lack of all confidence of protection at the polls from violence and fraud, the majority did not and could not participate in the election of delegates, and it was therefore composed of a mere faction entitled to no regard;

"5. Because the most noted delegates pledged themselves to submit their work to the ratification or rejection of the people—thereby securing their election—and afterward betrayed their trust, and did not so submit the Constitution;

"6. Because it is not, in fact, the work of a majority of the Convention;

"7. Because the legislative, judicial, and executive powers conferred upon John Calhoun transcended the power of the Convention, and their exercise was entirely illegal, and therefore null and void."

They also deny that the Lecompton Constitution is acceptable or satisfactory to the people of Kansas.

### DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS ON LECOMPTON.

Mr. Cochrane issued a notice on the 27th ult. for a democratic caucus to be held in the hall of the house at half past seven o'clock that evening. At the appointed time between sixty and seventy members were present. Mr. Cochrane was called to the chair, and Mr. Seward, of Georgia, was appointed secretary. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, stated the object of the meeting to be to confer together—the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton Democrats—and see if some arrangement could not be made to unite the discordant elements. He was ready to hear any suggestion from those gentlemen upon this Kansas difficulty. He had never yet been able to ascertain what those gentlemen desired. He, for one, was for unity and harmony, and desired above all things to preserve the party intact; and he believed it could be done if a proper spirit was manifested. Mr. English, of Indiana, then offered the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed by the chair, to consist of ten Lecompton and ten anti-Lecompton Democrats, whose duty it shall be to confer together, and ascertain whether any thing can be done to secure harmony and concert of action in reference to the question of admitting Kansas into the Union; and that said committee report the result of their deliberations to this caucus, for its consideration, on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to which time the caucus will adjourn."

The resolution was adopted.

### THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE COMMITTEE.

The Investigating Committee on the Philadelphia Post-office has met at Washington. Mr. Campbell, late Postmaster-General, was examined, and completely exculpated himself from any connection with the transaction. Mr. Allibone was also examined. He testified that $23,000 was paid to Mr. Miller as a reward for his services in consummating and securing the contract. The price paid for the building and site was $250,000. The whole amount was paid into the Bank of Pennsylvania, in gold, from the Philadelphia mint. The committee meet again soon, when Mr. Miller will be examined.

### LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

The War Department has received dispatches from the Utah Expedition to 1st February.

Colonel Johnston's letter is of such a character that it is deemed advisable not to permit a copy of it to be made for publication, although it is said that nothing of particular interest has transpired since the last advices. The health of the officers and soldiers is represented as good.

### COLONEL JOHNSTON'S VIEWS.

Colonel Johnston writes officially on the 20th January as follows: "My information respecting the conduct of the Mormons since is that their troops are organized to resist the establishment of a Territorial government by the United States, and in furtherance of that object they have erected works of defense in the mountain-passes and near Salt Lake City. Knowing how repugnant it would be to the policy or interest of the government to do any act that would force these people into unpleasant relations with the Federal Government, I would, in conformity with the views also of the commanding General, on all proper occasions, have manifested in my intercourse with them a spirit of conciliation, but I do not believe that such consideration for them would be properly appreciated now, or rather would be wrongly interpreted; and in view of the treasonable temper and feeling now pervading the leaders and greater portion of the Mormons, I think that neither the honor nor dignity of the Government will allow of the slightest concession being made to them.

"They should be made to submit to the constitutional and legal demands of the Government unconditionally—an adjustment of existing difficulties on any other basis would be nugatory.

"Their threat to oppose the march of the troops in the spring will not have the slightest influence in delaying it; and if they desire to join issue, I believe it is for the interest of the Government that they should have the opportunity."

### AN EXPECTED MORMON ATTACK.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Leader* writes: "On the 8th inst. we had quite a little excitement in the shape of an expected Mormon attack. Colonel Bee sent me out in charge of a small patrol early in the evening, to proceed up Black Fork and search the scrub and bluffs in the neighborhood for a Mormon camp, which was reported to have been seen by some individual, whom we hope to see some day soon properly rewarded for making such asses of us. It was very dark, no moon, and the pleasure of wading over sage brush and rocks, on a January night, among the Utah mountains, with a couple of feet of snow on the ground, must be tested to be appreciated. I went about fourteen miles or so at a rattling pace, saw nothing, found no fresh trails, and returned to camp, where I learned that two other larger parties under Lieutenant Deshler, 10th infantry, and Lieutenant Bennet, of the volunteer battalion, had started immediately I had left camp; the former returned on the following day, after a fatiguing night march, but the latter was out five days, the men carrying rations for that time. It was pretty hard licks walking over these plains in deep snow and camping out at night with only a single blanket for bedding and tent. Many of the men were more or less severely frost-bitten. Their reconnoissance was also unable to discover the least trace of any enemy."

### A BALL IN CAMP.

He adds: "While some of the army were thus roughing it out, another portion of it, the non-commissioned officers of the 10th, got up a ball and supper in their camp, and many of our sergeants, corporals, and men of the volunteers attended. How it went off I don't know, as, though I have a pretty fair appreciation of a really genuine absurdity, still the idea of a ball in this confounded region, without the faintest attempt at any thing almost in the feminine line, was a leetle too rich. As far as I remember of what I heard, it ended in a perfectly free fight, involving the loss of the supper and the destruction of the grub, etc., being the only return made to a large majority for the $5 which they paid for their tickets.

### CAPTURE OF A SPY.

"On the day following a gentleman came into the camp at head-quarters in the most free-and-easy kind of way, perfectly affable and communicative, and all that sort of thing, stating that he was a persecuted individual who had escaped from Salt Lake City, and offering for sale butter, eggs, and milk, luxuries unheard of, and assuming the air and manner, as far as possible, of a friend to the States and the army, and a jolly good fellow into the bargain. His career in this part, for which nature never intended him, was cut short as summarily as there is every reason to hope his existence will soon be, though not by the intervention of a rope, but of Major Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General, and a file of men with unpleasant revolvers ominously cocked. The interesting but misguided provider of the aforesaid dainties proved to be a notorious Mormon, called Cherokee Jim, *alias* Thomson, a regularly-commissioned 'destroying angel;' in other words, a blood-thirsty, murderous fanatic, who, like the Thugs in India, offered human sacrifices to the object of his adoration. He was immediately accommodated with bracelets and anklets to match, and put into the guard-house of the Fifth regiment, in which appropriate locality he still flourishes, and, it is to be anticipated, will flourish until he can be tried. Strong suspicion has arisen that the Mormons have spies, and good ones too, in our midst. Cherokee Jim asserts that they know every thing that passes, and I, for one, believe it."

### PERSONAL.

Colonel Johnston, commanding Utah army, has been appointed Brevet Brigadier-General by the President.

Mr. Harris has been removed to Judge Douglas's house, as it is more comfortable than his lodgings. It is feared that he is far gone in consumption.

The Turkish Admiral and suite have accepted an invitation to visit the Red River of the North, which is the western boundary of Minnesota, the principal object being to see the valley of the river and to engage in hunting the elk and buffalo. It is proposed to make the trip in July. It is said that Vice-Persident Breckinridge, Senators Fitch and Rice, Messrs. Becker and Cavanaugh, representatives from Minnesota, and ex-Governor Medary will accompany the expedition.

Wolcott, the Middlesex Mills man, has been released on bail, and has gone to Boston. The bail is $2000, and Willard of the hotel is his bondsman. It is believed that through informality in the indictment this will be the end of that farce.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Galveston *News* writes that Colonel Lockridge was expected to leave for Texas on the 24th ult., with the intention of revolutionizing Northern Mexico, and that many Northern men and considerable means are engaged in the enterprise. A letter from Colonel Lockridge to the *News* confirms the statement.

Colonel Benton is confined to his bed, with cancer of the stomach. He works upon his Abridgement of the Congressional Debates as steadily as ever, and hopes to live long enough to finish it.

Mr. Edward F. Underhill, of this city, has started a revolutionary, fiercely progressive paper, called the *Movement*. We hope it may move in the right direction.

Governor Wise has written the following letter to the editor of the Vicksburg *Whig:*

"Richmond, Virginia, *Wednesday, March 3*, 1858.

"Dear Sir,—My opinion is that Virginia will never allow the remains of Washington to be removed from Mount Vernon, except to her own monument to his memory at Richmond. That she will, if they are not removed, never cede Mount Vernon to the Federal Government, and that she *ought* never to do so.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Isaac M. Patridge, Esq." "Henry A. Wise."

At an Assembly in this city the distinguishing feature of the evening was the Balmoral Schottische, in which all the ladies upon the floor appeared in the scarlet *jupon*, with the dress looped up over it, *a la* Queen Victoria. The reporter announces the *tout ensemble* as agreeable as the costume was jaunty, coquettish, and unique.

The Mayor of Louisville has ordered the arrest of Captain Travis, who had advertised to shoot an orange from the head of a boy, in that city, on a wager of $1000, in evidence of his skill as a pistol-shooter. Complaint was made by many citizens, who were incensed at this wanton trifling with human life.

A Washington letter-writer says that the bar of one of the fashionable hotels in that city has taken $21,000 for drinks in the past fourteen months. During several of these months the city was comparatively tenantless. This enables us to make a sort of approximation to the sum total of Congressional expenditure for fluxions.

Dr. Haight, we are happy to say, was, at the last advices, at San Antonio, about 22 miles from Havana, and so much improved in health that he had discontinued the use of medicine, and had been visiting the sugar plantations on horseback.

Mr. Polk, former minister to Naples, when he was recalled, remarked to a lady: "My brother Jim being President of the United States, it was necessary we should all become diplomatists, and you see what a fool I have made of myself."

Mr. N. P. Willis went to a christening at Mr. James E. Cooley's, and thereon writes as follows: "Among the celebrities were Dr. Taylor, the patrician pastor of Grace Church, who performed the service; Governor Hunt, with the couchant lion behind his easy smile; the historian Bancroft, locomotively ahead of the train of thought with which you were trying to come up with him; Count Gurowski, the exotic American author; Church, the Ossian-painter of Niagara, with a face corroborative of his inspired picture; Professor Greene, so long our scholarly Consul at Rome; Tiemann, the believed-in Mayor of our great cosmopolis; several of the best-known manufacturers of public opinion; and last, not least, the country's distinguished tree-champion, who has so happily moderated the thoughtlessness of the American axe. In the way of 'bright particular stars,' the most admired shining for the evening was done by a constellation from the North—a Boston mother and her two superbly beautiful daughters. It seemed but a day to me, as I looked upon them, since the mother herself was a fair young school-girl—just those daughters' age.

"For the rest of the evening's events—how charmingly the band played as the supper-room was thrown open; how *têtes-à-têtes* went on in the cozy library; how Morris and Willis renewed their vows of eternal fidelity over the chicken-salad; how Palmer's exquisite marble bust of Cooley's daughter was admired; how it waxed late; and how we wished the sweet infant whose baptism we had witnessed all manner of warm blessings, as Brown received us under the cold starlight of out-doors, and called our carriage with his pleasant fiction of 'good-night,' though it was morning—for all this, please call on your memory, my dear Morris, while we leave it to the reader's accommodation."

The Albany *Statesman* furnishes the following small-talk about New York society for the information of the rural districts:

"Now that Lent has caused a temporary cessation in the general festivities of the so-called fashionable world—especially of the Episcopal and Romish Churches—readings at private houses are coming in vogue, at which from fifty to a hundred of Eve's fair daughters assemble to listen to the interpretations of the best specimens of 'pure old English undefiled.' Miss Sedgwick, of hereditary intellectual fame, following in the wake of Miss Kemble Butler, whose career here was a success financially as well as oratorically, has given quite a number of these readings. With most attractive presence, a well-modulated and sympathetic voice, and thorough cultivation, this lady has inspired great admiration; reading-days of her own selection having been arranged for at the houses of Mrs. President King of Columbia College, Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. Parish, and other leaders of the 'upper ten.' The scene at one of these readings is represented as quite striking—with the number of private carriages, the ladies dressed in full visiting costume, and the absence of the male element—so pleasant *occasionally*, as one of the fair spectators *naïvely* remarked. The 'occasionally' was slightly emphasized, of course; but certainly this new style of entertainment is an improvement upon the balls and parties, which, this winter, it is true, have been rather less frequent than usual."

The *Times* says that "Ex-President Santa Anna, accompanied by his family, embarked on the 12th instant, at Carthagena, on board the British mail steamship *Clyde*, for St. Thomas and Havana. He was, doubtless, *en route* for Mexico."

A Chinaman visited the fish-market at Sacramento, and paid $2 50 for the privilege of throwing overboard forty-five fish. In explanation of this singular notion, he stated that on that day, a year or two since, he was wrecked with some eighty of his countrymen and thirty white men; that he was the only Chinaman that survived, and that he then made a vow that he would release forty-five fish on each succeeding anniversary of the day.

### HOW CAPTAIN DURHAM MADE HIS ESCAPE FROM MARSEILLES.

Captain Durham, of the *Adriatic*, has published an account of his escape from Marseilles, in which the affair is thus described: "Learning that the *Adriatic* would not be taken possession of until the full extent of the loss by the *Lyonnais* could be ascertained, he improved the interval in devising the means of escape. He engaged a caulker and had her caulked all around for about five feet above the water's edge, under the pretext that she was so open, when the mistrals should set in she would sink right there in the harbor. Captain D. thinks there were no suspicions from this movement; for in the 'noise and confusion' of the caulkers' operations he and an assistant were quietly weaving the running rigging on board, and getting ready for sea. They worked at this business about three hours every night—say from nine o'clock till twelve—when there was much noise, and it was so dark no one could either hear or see what they were doing. What provisions they got were put on board another vessel, and from thence transferred to the *Adriatic* during the night. The crew were also shipped for another vessel, and subsequently taken on board the *Adriatic*, when they were so much intoxicated as not to be conscious of what was going on.

"Captain Durham commenced getting ready to haul out about nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th January, his force consisting, besides himself, of Captain ——, the two mates, and a boy. The vessel lay in the middle tier, about half-way up the harbor, with both anchors ahead, and moored with a hawser astern. They bent the two topsails and main-topmast staysail where she lay. The vessel ahead of the *Adriatic* was made fast to the chain, and when the *Adriatic* slipped they let go the fast of the other vessel, and hove her right into the middle of the harbor ahead of her. When the captain awoke and found out his situation, and that his vessel was adrift, there was no end to his imprecations against 'the d—d Yankees.' Captain D. had no time to spare to his '*sacres*,' but got clear of him as soon as he could, and hauled down the harbor nearly to the guard-ship, when he stopped to take on his crew and to make sail. The crew were got on board by four o'clock on the morning of the 9th; they then set the topsails, and putting four oars in the boat, put her ahead until the vessel got steerage way.

"When the *Adriatic* got abreast of the guard-ship, her boat came off and demanded the fort-pass of the former. Captain D., when asked for his pass, replied '*Prennez garde la*,' and threw the officer a small bit of paper with two sous wrapped up in it. The paper and money, however—whether by accident or design the Captain does not say—went over the boat and into the water, sinking to the bottom. The officer of the guard-ship then inquired for the name of the vessel, when Captain Durham sang out that she was the American ship *Luna*, that had cleared the day before. Nothing more was heard from the official, and the *Adriatic* proceeded on her way."

### FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY IN CALIFORNIA.

A terrible tragedy took place at Grass Valley on Sunday, February 21, in which the family of Michael Brennan, consisting of his wife and three children, were poisoned by him with Prussic acid, after which he committed suicide in the same manner. Mr. Brennan was the agent of the Mount Hope Mining Company, and had formerly been a phonographic reporter for the press in this city. Pecuniary embarrassment is said to have been the occasion of the dreadful deed.

### HOW THE DEED WAS DONE.

The *Alta California* says: "We have lying before us a letter written by a lady of that town to a friend in this city, which gives so well-connected a narrative of the affair that we avail ourselves of the privilege of making the following extract:

"'Mrs. Brennan did not tell the girls to go to church, and the cook heard Mr. B. ask Mrs. B. if the two servants were not going. Mrs. B. said, "You know the cook (Delia) is not well." The nurse, Kitty, went to church, and the cook took the two eldest children out to walk. Mrs. B. then took the youngest child in her arms, and walked up and down the veranda until he came and took it from her, when she went and laid out the children's clothing ready for their bath when they came back from the walk. The last the cook saw of Mrs. B. was when she left the veranda and went into the house. It is supposed that he did not tell his wife that he had lost heavily, and was deeply involved, more than ten minutes before her death. As she was totally unacquainted with her husband's financial condition she knew nothing of his embarrassment; and when he told her of his situation and what he meant to do with himself, the shock caused her to feel faint, and she laid down on the sofa. At this time he handed her a glass of claret, with the deadly poison in it, which she drank, thinking it was only wine, and that it would revive her. *A loaded pistol was on the table, for use in case she had not drank the wine.* After drinking she clenched her hands and struggled some, when he put the pillow over her face and smothered her; then saturated a piece of sugar with the poison and fed it to the child. When the cook returned he took the eldest child, a girl, and administered the sugar to her. He then called the boy, Bobby, into the room, but he ran out, crying, "Oh! mamma!" but the father followed him, calling him his little man, took him up in his arms, carried him back, gave him some sugar, and smothered him. The girl, who was preparing lunch in another apartment, did not think any thing unusual of these actions. After killing the entire family the father secured all the doors and sat down to write, but hearing Martineau come he stepped out, and, holding the door in his hand, told him the girls were at church, and that he would not bother about lunch, but have dinner at five o'clock. He said Mrs. Brennan was not well, and had laid down. In the letter he wrote, he said he wanted Martineau, the secretary of the company, to be sure they were all dead.'"

### WHY COUSINS SHOULD NOT MARRY.

In the annual report of the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is the following argument against the marriage of cousins:

"From ten to twenty per cent. of deaf mutes are the children of cousins. It is greatly to be regretted that the law forbidding the marriage of first cousins did not pass the recent Legislature. These marriages are violations of the law of nature, as is evidenced by the affliction visited in almost every case upon their offspring in deafness, blindness, and idiocy—and ought to be a violation of human laws also. The commonwealth has a clear right to protect itself against these ill-starred matches, whose offspring it has to sustain, frequently for life. It may be hoped that this important subject will not escape the action of our legislators many years longer. It is confidently believed that, by forbidding marriage of this kind, and by proper attention and care of infants laboring under the disease stated, the number of deaf mutes in the community might be diminished by one-half in a generation."

### A CHASE AFTER A SHARK.

The Norfolk *Argus* contains the following: "A gentleman and servant, a stalwart negro, went fishing for rock on the Bay shore. The big darkey, after wading out, tied the line around his body. Soon an old shark came along and swallowed the bait, and Sambo held the line. The powerful fish, however, drew him gradually out in deep water by a rapid movement, tightened the line and dashed furiously out from the shore, followed by the darkey, who alternately disappeared beneath the waves and rose to the surface, grabbing at his knife as he rushed on with almost lightning speed in the wake of the shark. He was seen at the distance of nearly a mile, entirely beyond the reach of assistance, and a victim of his own hazardous daring and imprudent temerity."

### A BLACK MAN SOLD AT AUCTION IN BOSTON.

The Boston *Courier* states: "Messrs. Barbour & Son sold at auction yesterday the old wooden buildings at the corner of Sudbury and Portland streets, to make room for improvements. The auctioneer stated that he should sell to the highest bidder the buildings and their 'contents,' with the exception of the bricks and stone, but was quite surprised, if not alarmed, upon being subsequently informed that one of the buildings contained a negro tenant at the time of the sale. The black man, it is said, was once a Southern slave, although a free man at the present time. This little incident created considerable merriment, as the auctioneer is known to be somewhat ultra in his Anti-Slavery views."

### A CLERGYMAN BURIED ALIVE.

A letter dated Holland, Erie County, Pennsylvania, March 15, says:

"A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister named Reed was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped overnight with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed he had died. The other minister being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season had him buried the next day. On his return from meeting he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, and his shroud was completely torn off and he turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man. His dreadful death is much lamented."

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH FRANCE.

In Parliament, on 12th, Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said he would take the earliest opportunity of stating that within the last hour her Majesty's Government had received a dispatch from the French Government in answer to the dispatch addressed to them by her Majesty's Government, and he had great pleasure in announcing to the House that those painful circumstances which had unhappily for a time subsisted between the Governments of the two countries had entirely terminated; they had been terminated in a spirit friendly and honorable, and in a manner which he believed satisfactory to the feelings, as he was sure they would be conducive to the interests and happiness of both countries. As soon as her Majesty's permission had been obtained, it would be his duty to lay the correspondence upon the table.

### THE COURT CAMARILLA AGAIN.

A gossiping correspondent of a London paper tells the following anecdote of the troubles which beset Lord Derby's accession to office:

"One story flying about was, that there was a 'Bedchamber Plot,' that the Duchess of Sutherland would not budge in favor of the Duchess of Manchester, and that Lord Derby was going to throw up the cards in consequence. The Whigs played that game in 1835 with great success—Sir Robert Peel, in consequence of his ladies not being accepted, having declined to form a Government. But it could not be done again; common sense could not afford it. With a very youthful female sovereign on the throne, it was a political consequence that she should be surrounded by a Court at least not hostile to her Minister, and the public sympathy of the time was with the yonthful Queen, hesitating to bring a host of strange Tory dames about her. But Victoria Regina is rather an elderly, sensible person by this time, and if a Minister insisted on his bedchamber women, her Majesty would undoubtedly have to give way. It is, however, a question whether the time has not come to omit these great ladies in a 'crisis.' The world has very little idea how they hunger for pay and place, and the social advantages of a court position; and their fuss gives rise to many an intrigue and affects many a vote. But is it not time to put a stop to such a system? Why, because Lord Palmerston is out and Lord Derby is in, should the Duchess of Sutherland give up her rooms, and leave off scolding the maids in charge of the robes at the palace? The female officers about the court ought to be abolished altogether. Some suggestion of this kind may have been very appropriately urged by the Queen, and hence the gossip about a difficulty at the Court. But Lord Derby seems not to have had the courage to undertake the innovation. Rupert ran away from a charge of crinoline—and no wonder."

### DEPARTURE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The *Pearl*, screw-steamer, having on board Dr. Livingstone, sailed on 10th ult. from Liverpool. There were also on board Mrs. Livingstone and her little son; Captain Bedingfield, R.N., Government surveyor and nautical commander of the expedition; Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, botanist and medical officer; Mr. Thornton, geologist; Mr. Rae, engineer of the launch; and Mr. T. Baines, artist, who now goes out for the purpose of sketching the country passed through, and the inhabitants, animals, and plants met with in the research in Africa. The *Pearl* will proceed up the Zambesi as far as her draught of water will permit, and, after disembarking her passengers, stores, and launch, steam direct for the island of Ceylon, whither she will be employed by the East India Company for the purpose of carrying the mails from the main land to the steamer contract boats at Point de Galle. She has been fitted up with a lifting screw, and every other recent invention, for the purpose of procuring speed. The launch which the *Pearl* takes out is for the purpose of facilitating the navigation of the shallows of the River Zambesi.

### ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM WEARING HOOPS.

Another instance of the dangerously combustible nature of that article which is just now the "delight of the fair sex," has occurred at Tunbridge Wells. Three young ladies were at a party, when one of them rose from her seat, and passed by the fire-place. Presently one of her companions espied her dress on fire, when an excited scene was enacted. The second young lady called out to the first that her dress was on fire, and rushed to the door to alarm the house. The lady "on fire" seized her, and thus her dress was ignited also. The crinoline was flaring away, when the shrieks of the fair unfortunates brought one of the other sex to their assistance, who tore off them the ignited parts of their dress. After he had, as he thought, placed them out of danger, the lady whose dress first caught fire when she passed the fire-place, discovered that her garments were still on fire, and she rushed to the door, but was prevented from going out by the third young lady. She was then hurried away to the bath, and finding no water in it, the gentleman placed her under the tap, and saturating her clothes with water, succeeded in extinguishing the fire. One of their arms was severely burned. The floor of the room caught fire from the burning pieces thrown on it, but it was soon put out.

### THE WORKING OF THE NEW DIVORCE ACT.

The *Leader* tells the following story: "The operation of the New Divorce Act is beginning to be illustrated in a marked manner. An application which was made at Exeter a few days ago deserves attention. A Mrs. Catherine E. Bond applied under the 20th and 21st of Victoria, cap. 85, for protection for herself and property against her husband and his creditors. The wife stated that her husband had deserted her without reasonable cause for nearly five years, during which time she had supported herself by letting furnished lodgings. She had heard nothing of her husband until June last, when he returned to her in a state of utter destitution, and out of charity she permitted him to sleep under her roof, and to take his meals in the kitchen. Very recently it has been ascertained that during the time of the husband's being away he had married another woman, and he is now in prison awaiting his trial for the bigamy. Meanwhile, the man's creditors have applied to Mrs. Bond for payment of her husband's debts, and she is threatened with ruin. The notable feature in this case is, that the fact of the wife having consented, even in charity, to permit the husband to return beneath her roof, is held to have condoned for the previous desertion, and to have rehabilitated the husband in all his previous rights and authority; and there is but one hope for the security of the poor woman whose tender-heartedness prevented her from shutting her door in the face of the man who had deserted her—the fellow will, very probably, be convicted, and there will then be no difficulty in affording her protection."

### A COMFORTABLE FAMILY.

A London paper gives the following list of offices held by a noble family in England: "The Marquis of Normanby—our Minister at Florence, and high in Austrian favor. The Earl of Mulgrave (son of the above peer)—just appointed Governor of Nova Scotia.(?) The Hon. Charles Phipps, C.B., Colonel in the army (brother of the marquis)—Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, and Treasurer of the Household to the Prince Consort. His son, Charles—page of Honor to the Queen (which will soon procure the boy a commission in the Guards, worth £1200). His son-in-law, Captain Sayer, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards. The Hon. Edmund Phipps (second brother of the marquis)—Commissioner of Encumbered Estates in the West Indies (usually resident in Italy). The Hon. Augustus Phipps (third brother of the marquis)—Rector of Euston-cum-Barnham, Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen."

## FRANCE.

### REVOLUTIONARY OUTBURSTS.

The *Moniteur*, of the 11th March, says that, on the 24th Feb., arrests were made in various parts of France, which defeated culpable projects, and led to the discovery and seizure of arms, ammunition, and compromising correspondence. The arrests, however, have been exaggerated. They are limited to fifty principal ringleaders at Paris, twenty at Lyons, twelve at Marseilles, and four, on an average, in forty other departments. In spite of this precaution a gathering took place in Paris on the night of the 5th of March; but firm and vigilant measures caused it to prove abortive, and led to twenty new arrests.

The *Moniteur* states that, at Chalons, on the 6th March, forty men surprised a small post of infantry. They then attempted to get possession of the railroad station, crying, "*Vive la Republique!*" Driven back, they occupied the head of the bridge to interrupt communication with the barracks. The officers, who live in the town, cut their way through, and the garrison also turning out, the rioters were dispersed. Fifteen were captured.

The affray which took place at Chalons was, indisputably, part of the plan of systematic agitation.

The *Patrie* gives further details of the revolutionary attempt at Chalons, showing that the mob took the infantry post by surprise, and seized nearly all the arms. The rioters were subsequently subdued by a strong military detachment, and many arrests were made.

### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The *Patrie* publishes further particulars. It says: "We have received from Châlons-sur-Saône some new details relative to the revolutionary attempt of which that city was the scene on the evening of the 6th. Favored by the darkness and by a heavy fall of snow, the rioters, preceded by some individuals of an inoffensive appearance, proceeded first to a small infantry post in the Rue de Beaunes. At some distance off the majority of the mob halted; those who formed a sort of advance-guard went up to the sentinel, who was instantly surrounded and disarmed, in spite of his resistance, while one of the assailants put his hand on his mouth to prevent his raising an alarm. After this first success the remainder of the rioters rapidly advanced on the guard. The soldiers, half-asleep, could not prevent the seizure of the arms which were placed in the gun-rack near the door, but the sergeant in command had time to draw his sword and seize a few of the muskets, which he distributed among his men, ordering them to load immediately. The rioters, who had possessed themselves of arms, then left the post, and went to the railway station, where, as the *Moniteur* announced, they were energetically repulsed. Meanwhile the officers of the garrison had received information in a *café*, where they were accustomed to assemble, of what was going on. They went forthwith to the sub-prefecture, in order to take forcible possession, if necessary, of the representative of authority. Seeing that every thing was tranquil there, they went to their barracks, situated on the other side of the river, taking with them some soldiers whom they had met strolling about; but on arriving at the bridge the rioters disputed their passage. Thereupon the officers and soldiers, sword and bayonet in hand, cut their way through, not without wounding several of those who attempted to oppose them. On the other side of the bridge appeared almost immediately the military commander at the head of a strong detachment coming from the barracks. At sight of these soldiers the rioters fled in all directions, while the soldiers occupied the Hotel de Ville, the sub-prefecture, and the approaches to the bridge. As a peculiar incident of this affray, it was noticed that some of those who took part in it wore tin-plate cuirasses beneath their clothes. The greater part of the insurgents were arrested, and the rest no doubt will soon be in the hands of justice."

### NAPOLEON'S MANIFESTO ON THE ENGLISH DIFFICULTY.

A pamphlet has just been issued at Paris in regard to the refugee difficulty between France and England. It is entitled "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et L'Angleterre;*" and the Paris correspondent of the *Times* says, though it is the work of an eminent publicist, a member of the Council of State, yet the inspiration has been derived from the highest sources. The document treats of Napoleon's career since he was elected President; refers in glowing terms to the Anglo-French alliance, its results, and the earnest desire of the Emperor for its continuance; and then enters at great length into the refugee question, and shows the danger the French Government is constantly running from the machinations of the French refugees in London, winding up with an appeal to the English Government and people not to be led away by false interpretations, and expressing a hope that the alliance will firmly stand the trials which it is undergoing. The manifesto was regarded as a State paper, and attracted general attention in France. It is said to have produced favorable impressions; but in England the reverse was the case.

### CRIMINAL JUSTICE BETTER ADMINISTERED IN FRANCE THAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

An "eminent member of the New York Bar," in the course of a letter to the *Evening Post* on the trial of Orsini, makes the following striking remarks:

"Whatever may be thought, in the United States and in England, of the political system of France, no reproach can justly be made against their criminal proceedings. A criminal prosecution is for the purpose of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of the accused, and the French pursue this investigation with perfect fairness. In the United States it is not so. Criminal trials are not there fairly conducted. The accused has largely the advantage of the Government which accuses him; and besides he has, I regret to say, generally the sympathy of the public; and, in consequence, many of the guilty are turned loose to renew their outrages upon society. In France the judges are independent, and therefore fearless and learned in the law; the rules are inflexible, and are, moreover, not all made to facilitate the prisoner in covering up his guilt. It does sometimes happen in this country, as in the Jeufosse case, recently tried, that the guilty escape; but it is rare that the feeling of the community takes the side of the criminal. How many murderers are annually acquitted by corrupt or incompetent juries and courts in the United States! And yet we boast of the perfection of our government!"

### A SET OF LIVING CHESSMEN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "In the new opera of M. Halevy, the *Magicienne*, which is about to appear at the Grand Opera, a game of chess will be played by the *corps de ballet*. In this animated game the dancers will be dressed in the costume of the various pieces of the chess-board, so that chess players in the audience can follow each move. For the invention of this singular interlude, M. Mazilier, *chef de dance*, claims the priority. But it seems that the same thing has been done at Mobile, in Alabama. At Mobile there is a society of anonymous young men, who meet once a year for a masquerade. This year this society ordered their costumes from Paris—it is thus that the circumstance is known here—and these costumes represent an old German tableau on an old bridge at Munich, which has been popularized by lithography and photography. The picture represents the genius of good and the genius of evil, sitting face to face, with a large chequer-board between them, on which they play the destinies of humanity. Satan moves the black pieces, of which each represents a vice. The white pieces, representing virtues, are moved by his adversary."

### LAMARTINE A PLAGIARIST.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "Another literary quarrel has been furnishing amusement to the public lately. A very few years ago, M. Lamartine published 'Graziella,' as a work of his own. It is now proved beyond dispute that the events and the personages were all borrowed, without consent of the real author, from 'Charles Barimore,' a novel published by M. de Forbin, in 1810. Had this been all, M. Lamartine could only be accused of plagiary, but he had proclaimed himself not only the author but the hero of 'Graziella;' he had given it to the public as 'an ower true tale,' the incidents were those of his own life, the story was that of his love and his tears! And behold! the love and the tears of M. Lamartine are the love and the tears of somebody else! M. Lamartine proclaimed himself the seducer, the destroyer, of a lovely creature who never existed, save in some one else's imagination! All tender-hearted sentimental readers were indignant, but very glad to know it was all true, and M. Lamartine accepted with contrite heart the responsibility of a sin he had never committed. The last line in his book was: 'Forgive me, I have wept!' His sin and his repentance proved very profitable; each drop of those same tears was coined into bright pieces; innocence would never have paid so well and had such a run. M. Lamartine chose to remain under this load of sin, until forcibly relieved, and cruelly declared *not guilty!* A curious farce to be acted by a great poet and a statesman."

### THE EMPRESS JEALOUS OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

He tells the following story: "An anecdote, of which the heroine is an American lady, has recently been put into private circulation. The lady, celebrated for her personal charms and her husband's wealth, was a very welcome and very frequent guest at the Elysée, in the days of the Presidency; indeed, her reception there on all festive occasions was so warm that she thought fit to withdraw from attentions that were becoming too marked. When her host took unto himself a wife, Mrs. —— thought the danger was over, and again became a guest at all the court balls. About two years ago, however, the invitations ceased suddenly, and all applications for tickets remained unanswered. The lady was exceedingly annoyed, and took great trouble to ascertain the cause of her disfavor. But, finding her efforts and inquiries unavailing, she courageously determined to seize the first opportunity that offered of *demanding satisfaction* for what she considered a gratuitous insult. Fortunately France and the United States did not declare war on each other on this momentous question—the lady was her own champion. At the fancy and masked ball of Mr. Fould, Mrs. —— appeared as *La Dame de Pique*. Her dress was composed of alternate stripes of white satin and crimson velvet, on which were numerous black velvet spades surrounded by gold cord. The head-dress, composed *con amore* by Felix, consisted of a crimson velvet tiara, around which the trefoil leaves of the spades in black velvet, each adorned with a large diamond as a drop of dew, figured as *fleurons*. The lady was resplendent. Among those who surveyed with admiration this beautiful and portly Queen of Spades was one domino, between whom and her Majesty a little ball-room flirtation arose. Finding they were closely watched by another mask, the stranger proposed a walk through the saloon, to which Mrs. —— readily assented. The conversation commenced with a remark that, though she did not appear to know him there, they were old acquaintances. Where had she been traveling these two years? Nowhere. She had remained in Paris. Ah! then, why had she not added the charm of her presence to the court balls? And why had she chosen that dress? Here Mrs. —— could no longer contain the explosion of her griefs. She recounted her mortification to this domino, whom she insists she did not know. He replied there was some woman's work in all this, and at any rate she should no longer be the *Dame de Pique*. She should have invitations to all the balls. The finale was, the gallant stranger revealed his august features, the lady gave a flower from her bouquet in exchange for the promise, which has been faithfully kept, and so ends my, or rather her story, of which the reader may believe as much as he chooses; my own opinion I reserve."

### STORY OF A KISS AND A KICK.

The correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* is responsible for the following:

"A few evenings since, at Madame de R.'s, it was proposed to play an unpublished comedy, the production of one of our most successful dramatic authors. The subject was excellent—the *rôles* all very good—but there was one which no person would consent to take—that of a young man who gives a kiss to a beautiful woman, and receives a kick in return from the beauty's husband. Every one wished to give the kiss, but no one would consent to receive the kick—and this same kick, being an excellent comic element, made a point in the piece not to be suppressed. The comedy was about to be laid aside, when a young man, lieutenant in the cavalry of the imperial guard, consented to take the *rôle*, and receive the kick in public, provided, however, it was dispensed with at rehearsals, which was naturally agreed to.

"Madame de N. took the *rôle* of the young wife, receiving the embrace of the lieutenant. M. de N., her husband, acted the part of husband in the play.

"At the first rehearsal M. de N. said,

"'It is understood the kick is to be omitted at rehearsals, and it follows that the kiss be also omitted.'

"'I do not consent to that!' exclaimed the lieutenant. 'This is the only condition on which I submit to the humiliation I must undergo before the public.'

"'But consider,' continued M. de N.

"'Oh, the jealous monster!' exclaimed all of the ladies.

"'Nonsense—jealous!' cried the wife.

"In short, M. de N. in vain endeavored to be heard—it was decided the kiss should be given, and the kick omitted.

"The rehearsals lasted over a month. Already our lieutenant had given his thirty-eighth kiss—he had been present at every rehearsal, and the rehearsal was always preceded by an excellent breakfast. The husband, dissatisfied with the manner with which the kiss had been given and received, promised himself an exciting revenge on the evening of the representation. At last the important day arrived—the last grand rehearsal had taken place, and the lieutenant had given Madame de N. his thirty-ninth kiss—but a few hours more and the comedy would be presented to the public. M. de N. sharpened his foot. At six o'clock, as Madame de R. was giving the last glance at the arrangements of her theatre and *salons*, a servant presented her with a note, which she opened and read as follows:

"'Madame la Comtesse.—I am in despair at what has occurred, but I feel it will be absolutely impossible for me to embrace Madame de N. in public. I had hoped I should be able to overcome my miserable bashfulness—but my timidity triumphs. I renounce new efforts, which would be useless, and take flight. I have exchanged positions with one of my brother officers in Africa, and at the moment you receive this I shall be far from Paris. Believe, Madame la Comtesse, in my very profound regrets and my despair. Present my heart-breaking excuses to Madame de N.; and receive the assurances of the highest respect, etc.,

"'Le Viscount de T.'

"The comedy, naturally, was not played, but replaced by another."

### HOW M. DE X. WON HIS WIFE.

He also tells the following story: "One of the most brilliant balls *costumés* of the season was given recently in the superb salons of Madame de X., Faubourg St. Honore. Madame de X. has been married but a few years, and the circumstances attending her marriage are singular enough to be worthy of record.

"This lady, formerly Mademoiselle B., an opulent heiress, was about to marry a Portuguese gentleman—Marquis de F.—presented by her family, for whom she had neither love nor aversion. The day of the wedding Mademoiselle B. entered the salon in bridal costume, and approached the mirror over the fire-place to arrange a part of her head-dress. Her dress took fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The guests present uttered cries of horror and fear, and many rushed from the room. The Marquis fell fainting in an arm-chair. A young man, M. de X., a friend of the future husband, caught the young girl in his arms and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, not, however, without being severely burned himself. The wedding was postponed, but the adventure had its important consequences. Miss B. was disgusted with her effeminate *fiancé*, who, in the moment when she most needed his aid and assistance, had betrayed unpardonable weakness. M. de X. merited her gratitude, and even something more. 'He has presence of mind, courage, and fortitude,' she said; 'he has suffered for me—he has saved me; I owe him a recompense—I will marry him.' This decision was irrevocable. The Marquis was dismissed, and M. de X. had the happiness of marrying a charming wife, whose least merit is the possession of a large fortune."

### HOW TO SET A DISLOCATION OF THE VERTEBRÆ OF THE NECK.

'A little girl, nine years of age, of Fournols, a commune in the department of Puy-de-Dome, was amusing herself with "see-sawing" on a plank, her brother being at the other end. He suddenly got down, and the little girl was thrown off by the jerk, and fell on an obstacle, which caused the luxation of the sixth cervical vertebra. Dr. Missoux being called in, he immediately recognized the case as one in which any violent effort to replace the vertebræ would inevitably cause the death of the patient; he therefore resolved to effect it gradually, by fatiguing the muscles, and causing them to relax of their own accord. A plank was procured, and a square block of sufficient thickness placed at the end of it by way of a pillow; the patient was then laid on the plank, so that her head, which was immovably thrown backward, rested on the block. There was, therefore, an empty space between her spine and the plank; the weight of the chest and shoulders was solely supported by the dislocated vertebral column. By degrees the resistance of the muscles, which was the chief obstacle to the restoration of the bone to its natural position, diminished, the head slowly returned to its place, and in about an hour and a half the muscles had so far relaxed that the dislocated vertebra slipped into its place again by itself. The patient could see, move, and speak as before; nevertheless, she was kept in bed for a whole month by way of precaution, and is at present perfectly recovered.

## ITALY.

### THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

A letter dated the 19th says: "It is nearly certain about 40,000 victims is the result of the earthquakes. In Basilicata hundreds have perished from hunger and by lock-jaw. Two other shocks, rather severe ones, happened in Calabria, and one near St. Germano, announced by rumbling noises, but causing no damage. The Pope has given 3000 ducats for the unfortunates of the earthquake; and the club of the horse-races, at the head of which is the Conte d'Aquila, gave the sum of 2000 ducats that was to have been spent for the next spring meeting. The sum subscribed by the English here is about £1000. After much discussion, it was settled that Dr. Strange and two other English gentlemen (residents) should go to distribute the money themselves, instead of giving it into the hands of Government."

### ANOTHER DREADFUL CALAMITY.

Another sorrow has fallen upon Salerno. No sooner has the panic occasioned by the earthquake begun to cease than the population are again alarmed by another sad event. The tooth of St. Matthew the Bishop, one of the precious relics of the Church, has been stolen. It disappeared during the agitation consequent on the late disaster, and this incident is only another proof of that moral disorder which is often perceptible in times of great social distress. The Bishop has ordered the excommunication of the sinner, but to no effect; processions with torches have been made, all equally useless; the precious relic, which has saved Salerno from so many misfortunes, is not to be found.

## MEXICO.

### PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have dates from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult., with advices from the City of Mexico to the 16th. It is very difficult to obtain reliable information, but the following is probably pretty near correct: Several battles had been fought between the Constitutional forces and those of the Zuloaga Government. The latter claim a triumph, but it don't amount to much.

General Parrodi had retreated before General Osollos, of the Zuloaga party. Pronunciamentos were still the order of the day, but the Government of Zuloaga seems to be generally gaining ground.

The City of Vera Cruz was under martial law. The forces of Zuloaga were on their way there, and a hard battle would probably be fought somewhere between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

### REBELLION IN SONORA.

A letter by the overland mail, *via* El Paso and San Antonio, to Lieutenant Mowry, dated Arizona, Feb. 7, states that General Gandara, the leader of the rebellion at Sonora, has been entirely successful, having defeated the Government troops in several battles. At the last accounts Gandara had surrounded Peschiera, the Governor, so as to cut off all hopes of escape. Gandara had also ordered all the prisoners to be massacred, and proclaimed that he would hang Peschiera if taken.

Other letters say that the Fort Yuma and El Paso wagon-road was progressing finely.

The people of Rio Grande were much interested in the success of the Arizona bill to admit them as a Territory.

### REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.

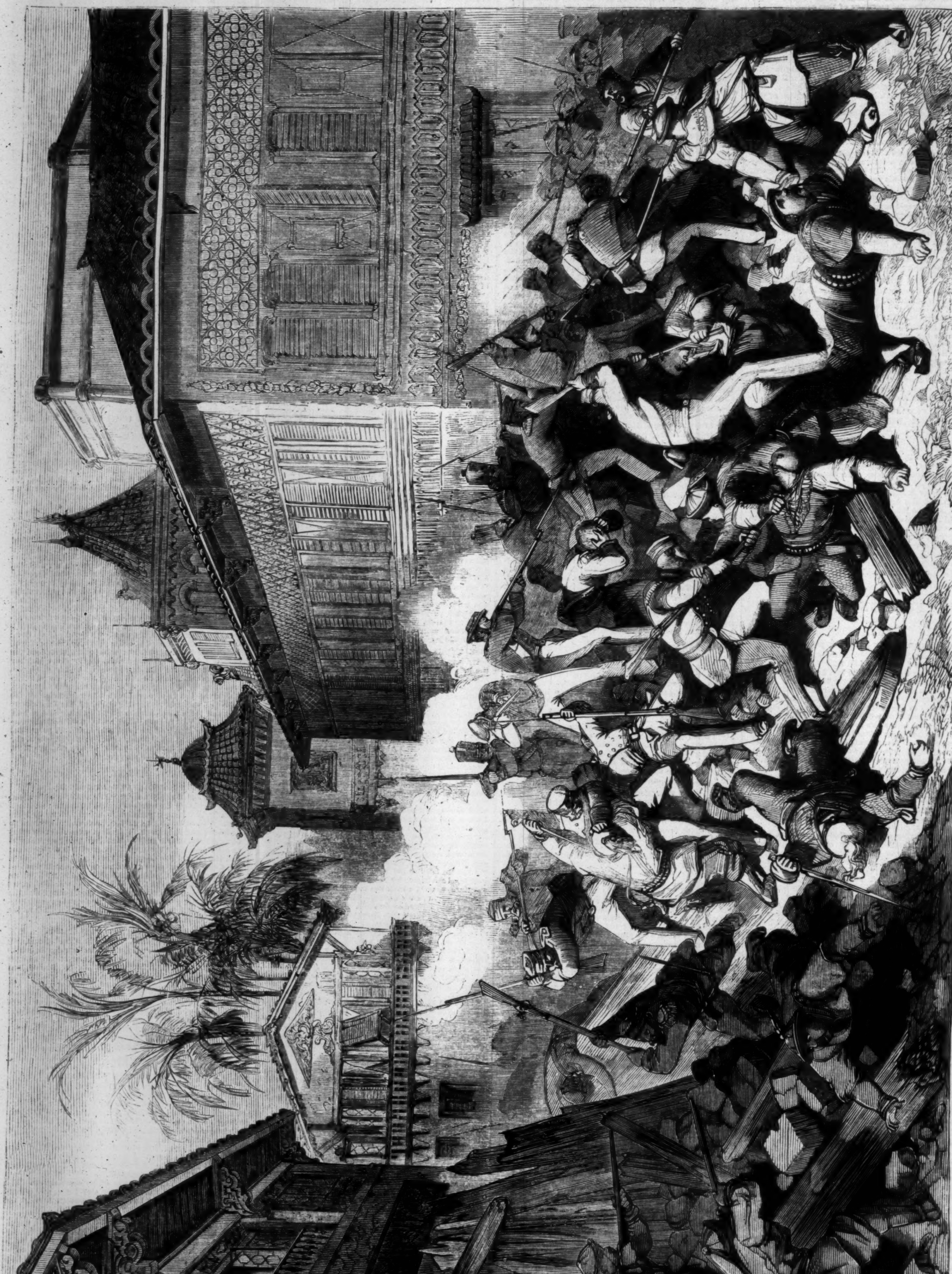
The *Herald* contains the following statements:

"Panama, *March* 17, 1858.

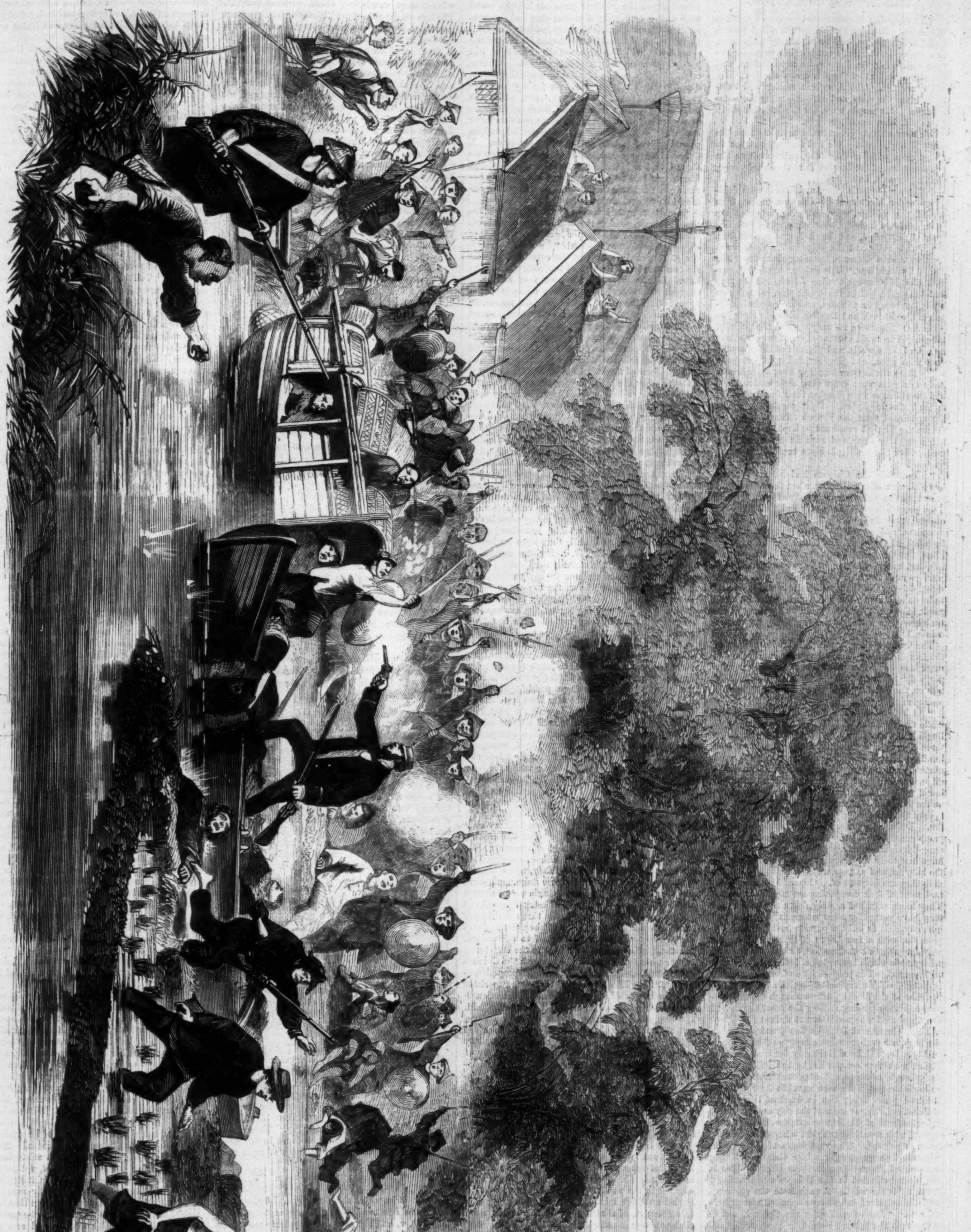
"On my arrival here I found the news widely circulated of a revolution in Caracas, in behalf of General Paez. It is said that the people rose, proclaiming him (Paez), and that Monagas was besieged in the Plaza de San Pablo, with his personal guard, fighting for their lives."

"Caracas, *Feb.* 27, 1858.

"We are now in earnest, and the outbreak will commence this month in Valencia and Porto Cabello."



A SCENE IN THE ATTACK ON CANTON BY THE ALLIED FRENCH AND ENGLISH.



ATTACK ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR'S BOAT IN A CREEK NEAR CANTON.

## THE ATTACK ON CANTON.

The foregoing illustrations represent a scene in the recent attack on Canton by the allied French and English troops, and an attack by Chinamen, in a creek near Canton, on an English man-of-war's boat containing the famous Lieutenant Pim, and the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Wurgman. The American reader will vainly seek for the stars and stripes among the combatants. Our people were, for the best reasons in the world, kept out of the fight.

We have already given in the news columns the story of the attack. We feel that we can not do better than add the following extracts from the correspondent of the London *Times*. In describing the first assault, he says:

"Captain Rotton's guns, and four French field-pieces under Lieutenant de Vaisseau Veriot, from behind the village, were battering away at the walls, and had knocked over the parapet for a distance of thirty feet, and the shells and rockets from the Dutch Folly and the ships in the river were, from an unseen distance, bursting along the whole line of fortifications. The orders were that the assault should be made at nine o'clock, but the men had been all night in the open; they were drawn up at daybreak in position, and the emulation between the French and English added to their impatience. However we may despise the Chinese, it required no small amount of courage to continue to crowd those walls, and ply their hidden assailants with guns, and jingalls, and spear-rockets, while those shells were bursting over their heads, and those guns were crumbling their embrasures, and the riflemen were dinging their deadly bullets through the loopholes. Twenty minutes before the appointed time the French advanced, and of course the English could not be kept back. They had crossed the ditch, and were clustered under the wall, before the scaling-ladders could be brought up.

"Meanwhile the Chinese had been tumbling down all sorts of missiles, but when the Allies were once upon the walls the great body of them retired. They poured down into the city and fired from the streets; they dodged behind the buildings on the ramparts, and aimed their cumbrous matchlocks from behind them. A few single encounters took place, but the general move was to fire right and left, and hurry to the right to sweep the wall upward toward the hill. Helter-skelter, away they went, driving the Tartars down into the town and before them along the wall, until, some hundred yards in front, they came upon a new body of the besiegers, who were just accomplishing another escalade."

The first attack only effected the destruction of the fortifications. The troops were not allowed to enter the city. A week afterward orders were given for the assault upon the city itself. This was on the 5th January. The *Times* correspondent says:

"At half past seven o'clock in the morning, while the rain was still falling, three columns of English red-coats penetrated into the city down three narrow streets, while a detachment of four hundred French blue-jackets, with two guns, were advancing along the wall to our right. They are all soon lost to sight, and we must descend and follow if we would see more. There is heavy firing on our left, and of course we hurry there first. It is only Colonel Lemon's men discharging their rifles. Let us speed away to see what the General's party are doing. They meet with no resistance except from the intricacy of the streets. But they have lost their way, overshot their mark, and, in the labyrinth of narrow ways, can not find the yamun they are in quest of. Colonel Holloway's detachment of four companies are more successful. They have marched rapidly down the street, and they have paused for a few moments before a closed gateway. It is only a passive resistance. The pioneers, with a few blows of their axes, open a way through this obstruction, as they do through a barricade which is erected a little beyond, but is not manned. The people look on from their doors, and the Coolies carry water-buckets to and fro in the rear of the troops, just as though nothing uncommon were passing. Now the troops arrive at the cross-road where one street strikes the Street of Benevolence and Love—a fine broad avenue in the map, a hovel-crowded alley, ten feet wide, in reality. Here Colonel Holloway detaches Captain Parke, with two companies, to the left, with instructions to advance and seize the treasury, while he leads the rest of his men round to the right. A hundred paces bring him in front of the yamun of Peh-kwei, the governor of the city and province. Like the front of all Chinese yamuns, it is a dismal square, with a wall on one side, whereon a gigantic beast is painted. The vast doors of the yamun, whereon two great figures like Gog and Magog are daubed, front this monstrous effigy. This is the place indicated in the Colonel's instructions. 'Quick!' is the word. A rush from the pioneers, and the unbarred doors move open with unexpected ease. 'Front form!' cries the Colonel, and in a moment the red-coats are four abreast, and advancing at the double up a broad granite-paved causeway in the middle of an immense court-yard—trees and shrubs on either side the causeway, low buildings forming the right and left sides, and a huge barn-shaped pavilion closing the square in front. In obedience to a few words and a few gestures, sentries are thrown out, and, while the main body is yet hurrying on, every spot is guarded."

The success of the attack was complete. We have already stated that the whole city was occupied almost without resistance, and that the Governor Military Commandant was reinstalled in his post under the authority of the British and French Plenipotentiaries. Our picture will tell the remainder of the story.

The other illustration may be best described in the language of Mr. Wurgman, the *London Illustrated News* correspondent, who was, as we said, one of the principal actors in the tragedy depicted. He says:

"On the morning of the 14th, at about 10 A.M., the second gig of the *Banterer* gun-boat left the vessel with a crew consisting of eleven men and the gunner, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commanding Bedford Pim, myself, and bumboat-man, as interpreter—in all fifteen. The object of the expedition was partly recreation and partly information. We proceeded about a couple of miles up a winding creek, opposite High Island, and brought up near the town of Sai-Lau, 13,000 inhabitants, which the men-of-war's boats had visited previously. Two men were left in charge of the boat; the remainder landed. Nothing suspicious was observed, and we passed quietly and unmolested into the town. A Celestial told our bumboat-man that further up we should find a Mandarin located, which induced Lieutenant Pim to go in search of him. Upon arriving at the house the bird had flown, leaving behind him papers, books, hats, and arms.

"On quitting the house we proceeded straight toward the boat, passing the usual crowd of natives, who did not show any signs of hostility. But, just as we got in sight of the boat, we descried a number of 'braves,' backed by the populace, pelting the two men left in charge of the boat with brickbats. Lieutenant Pim, with some of his men, charged at this mob, and thereby made good the retreat of all the party to the boat; but no sooner were we in the boat than the enemy kept up a smart fire of jingalls, wounding one man in the leg; they brought a small cannon to bear upon us: the balls whistled over our heads, others struck the boat, and the brickbats fell like hail; the yells, screams, and gesticulations of the infuriated mob were truly appalling. Our fire must have made some havoc as the masses were so dense. The creek being both narrow and shallow, paddles were used to propel the boat, the Chinese continuing their attacks from the banks. Our men, however, managed to keep their assailants at bay until they reached a point where a large tree and a group of houses, standing on the bank, afforded our enemies cover: the brickbats from the house-tops and jingalls from the beach rained death and destruction upon us. The gunner and two men were shot dead upon the spot, the former sitting next to me. Several also were wounded. Their sharp cries of agony were heart-rending, as they received a bullet, or rather jagged slug, and dropped the paddle they were no longer able to hold. At length, losing the means of locomotion, the boat came to a stand-still. During the whole of the above trying period Lieutenant Pim was standing on the top of the stern-sheets of the boat, encouraging his men, and occasionally shooting at the enemy, the ammunition being handed to him by myself. He had been wounded early, but I did not know until afterward that he had been hit in six places. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the men who were able decided to leave the boat, and try to escape an inevitable death (for these 'braves' give no quarter) by crossing a paddy-field, at the edge of which they might be seen from the *Nankin*. But Lieutenant Pim refused to quit the boat, still standing up; he appeared to lead a charmed life amidst the thick hail of bullets. The interpreter, who had hitherto shown immense pluck, seeing all hopes over, set the example of plunging into the water, and gained the paddy-field; while the boat was soon deserted by all but the dead and Lieutenant Pim, who urged me to run. I did so, and, from personal experience, can assure you that a paddy-field in its most muddy state is not the place any one would select for locomotion. Every step I was up to my knees in mud. I swam two creeks, and, in a fainting state, arrived at the river side, waving my red sash to the *Nankin* as a signal of distress. I believe I owe my safety, when once on shore, to my having on a Chinese dress, and being unarmed, for I don't possess a single weapon but a knife. Two more men were killed. I passed the body of one, Pim's coxswain, shot through the back in two places. At last I had the happiness of seeing the *Nankin's* boats pulling off to our rescue. Lieutenant Pim stuck to the boat to the last, firing away as hard as he could. At length the Chinese put off in their sampans, and he was compelled to retreat, using his last charge of powder to shoot their leader; which caused sufficient confusion to enable our gallant Pim to reach the paddy-field. The decapitation of the corpses took some time, and, thank Heaven! he was enabled to reach one of the *Nankin's* boats, although closely followed by braves the whole way. Thus, out of a party of fifteen, five were killed, six severely wounded—one since dead. It was very awful, but most picturesque. The *Nankin* received the wounded, and treated us all in the kindest manner. I turned in between blankets, as I was wet through with my aquatic feat and perfectly exhausted, but soon recovered.

"The boats of the *Nankin*, with a party of marines, went up the creek and did a little 'peppering;' but not a trace of our second gig was found, and only the headless trunk of one man was recovered in the paddy-field. He was immediately buried on High Island. The next morning Captain Stewart, of the *Nankin*, having in the mean time communicated with the Admiral, received his permission to attack Sai-Lau; and, admirable arrangements being completed, he proceeded to shell the town, and then landed a party of marines and blue-jackets numbering about 250 men. They met with a most determined resistance, but succeeded in forcing their way into the town. The Mandarin soldiers swarmed—the hills were covered—but a few well-directed shells from the *Nankin* astonished them, and prevented them cutting off our retreat, as was their intention. The blue-jackets then set fire to the place; but a Chinese town is rather difficult to destroy, the houses being well built of splendid gray brick, and the roofs being the only part combustible. However, the smoke rose high in the air, and the 'brave army' came safely out of the conflict with only four wounded. The most melancholy part was to see the women, with small feet, trying to walk across the paddy-fields. They seemed to know that our men would not touch them, for they walked right past them. Some unfortunate children, likewise, having lost themselves, were wandering about without parents. The loss on the side of the Chinese must have been great, for they at one time charged us, but were checked by a well-directed volley, and put to flight at the point of the bayonet. It is a mystery to me how they manage to hit with their jingalls, for they always fire from the loin, as you see in the sketch, and never from the shoulder, as we do. At the end of the creek, where they expected we would land, they had erected a battery of tubs filled with mud, into which they had placed heavy jingalls and brass 12-pounders. However, we disappointed them by landing in an entirely opposite direction. Thus ended the day of the 15th of December. Next morning we went down to Hong Kong with the wounded. A very comfortable place was arranged for them on deck with poles, from which their cots were suspended, the whole covered with canvas, making quite a cozy room of it. We created quite a sensation in Hong Kong. The *Banterers* were received on board the *Hercules* hospital-ship, and are now doing well."

## TREASURES OF THOUGHT.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought
  Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
  Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often thou shalt find,
  While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,
  Nor knows thy very name.

What matters that, if thou uncoil
  The soul that God has given,
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,
  But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks
  For fame a human sigh;
To Nature go, and see how works
  That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets
  Is full of germs and seeds,
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
  Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides, the modest leaves between,
  She loves untrodden roads;
Her richest treasures are not seen
  By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
  Reward; from out thee chase
All selfish ends, and ask no more
  Than to fulfill thy place.

## HELEN FLOYD.

Helen Floyd was sitting alone in her own chamber one warm May afternoon. The window was open, and there was just motion enough in the air to stir the flowering vines that clustered round the casement, and break the sunlight streaming through into flecks and spots and wavering lines of radiance. A stray beam danced around the bent head of the young girl, now brightening into sunny splendor the brown shades of her hair, and then as some swaying branch swept it aside, pausing to glitter still more vividly on the golden frame of a miniature that lay in her hand.

It was the face of a young, handsome man, full of eagerness and impulsive feeling, and stamped in every mobile feature with the impress of an ardent, passionate, sensitive, yet most loving and chivalrous nature. It was just such a face as women love, especially young and romantic women, to whom life is all poetry and passion. And indeed its original had long possessed all the warmth and tenderness, all the faith and trust of Helen Floyd's girlish heart. He had first wakened her power of loving, first quickened to new life and gladness the gentle spirit so unconscious before of its womanly quality and womanly needs; and since then she had only lived in the joy of his love.

Nevertheless there was little of joy at this time, either in her attitude or the expression of her face, as she gazed upon the picture of her lover. She sat upon a low seat, in a listless, crouching way, with a drooping head, and large sorrowful eyes that could scarcely see the miniature for the tears that dropped slowly, one by one, upon it, and upon the loose letters that lay in her lap. There was a listless dreariness, a hopeless sadness in her whole manner, that revealed the presence of some grief far deeper than any mere

"Trifles light as air which move
Dissensions betwixt hearts that love."

A light knock at the door, by-and-by, startled her from her meditations, whatever they might have been, and she made an impulsive movement as if to hide the letters and the picture; but desisted immediately as a stately-looking lady entered the room, crossed it with a firm step, and seated herself in an arm-chair opposite the girl. It was an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, its dark oaken frame rich with quaint carving, and its cushions of some antique, flowered stuff; and its whole effect seemed to harmonize well with the appearance of the lady who sat in it. She was tall and erect, not above middle age, with a face that was regular in its handsome outlines as a statue's, yet just as cold and proud; and an exceeding stateliness of dress and manner.

There could have been no greater contrast than between her and the sorrowful, shrinking girl at her feet. Helen's tender, timid eyes had caught no ray from the calm, bright orbs that looked so steadily down upon her, and the delicate, girlish features with their loving, trustful expression, bore no single point of resemblance to the coldly-chiseled face above her. Just as unlike were the inner countenances of the two, just as different were they in heart and mind, as in face and look; and yet the proud lady was Helen's mother, and Helen was her only daughter.

There was no word spoken between them for a minute. Helen folded her hands upon her lap, and sat still without looking up; and Mrs. Floyd gazed at her quietly. Presently she said, in a calm, clear voice that accorded well with her face,

"You are acting very strangely, Helen. I expected to find this package all ready, according to your promise, and have given you more than sufficient time to prepare it. Yet here you are, dreaming over those letters and that miniature still, and have not so much as copied the note which I left for you."

"Because I can not, mamma, I can not!" the girl exclaimed with sudden passion, lifting up her heavy eyes with a half-resistant, half-appealing expression. "I never can send such a letter as that—so hard and cold, so false to myself—to Henry Arlington. I wonder how even you could write it, mamma!"

"Then write for yourself," said Mrs. Floyd, calmly. "Tell the truth in your own way, if mine does not suit your fastidiousness."

"If I tell the truth in my own way, I shall say, Come back to me; I do not care what you have done, or what is said of you; I love you better a thousand times than ever before!"

"Which would be a modest and maidenly proceeding," Mrs. Floyd retorted, in the same icy tone; "to say nothing of its exceeding wisdom and filial obedience."

"But, mamma!"—Helen dropped her head upon her knees with a pitiful cry—"I do love him, I can not give him up! It will break my heart if you make me do it! Why must I? why must I?"

"I have answered that question so often, Helen, that it seems idle to do it again. Still if you can not understand yet, I will tell you once more all my reason for insisting upon saving you from ruin. In the first place you are my only child, the one object I have in the world to love, and I can not help loving you although I meet so little return."

"Mamma, you are cruel to say that," Helen interrupted, vehemently. "You know I love you, as much as any daughter could. And you are not answering my question fairly."

"I intended," said Mrs. Floyd, "to answer it fairly and reasonably. You ask why you must give up Henry Arlington; I reply, because I am not willing to give you up to what would be the ruin of your happiness. Your prosperity, your well-being, your peace of mind, present and future, are the great concerns of my life. I have no other desire and purpose in living than to secure them as certainly as I can; and for this reason I am willing to cause you a short-lived pain now, rather than to see all shipwrecked by a worthless man. No, do not interrupt me," she continued, seeing Helen's cheeks flush, and her lips spring apart as if to make some reply. "I know the protest you would make, and yet, in spite of your partial affection, he is not the less a worthless man. He is an undutiful son, an ungrateful nephew, a reckless spendthrift, a selfish, dissipated idler. He has so disgusted his uncle by his evil conduct, that Mr. Curtis has disinherited him; and now, instead of being heir to one of the finest estates in the country, he has nothing but the few paltry acres of his mother's farm, which I doubt not will all take wings to themselves even before his mother's death. In addition, he neglects the duties of his profession for the sake of wild hunting parties, and all manner of senseless dissipation; showing certainly no more regard for *your* reputation than his own. And, lastly, if all these evils did not exist, he is still, by reason of his violent and passionate temper, which knows no bounds when once it is excited, the last man in the world to whose care I would consent to intrust my only daughter."

"You consented once," Helen murmured, as her mother paused at last.

"Because I did not know him then as I do now," was the reply. "He had not yet revealed his true character."

"Oh, mamma!" Helen exclaimed, eagerly, "that *was* his true character, he *is* good and noble as he seemed to us then; only now, he is not himself. I know he has done wild things, and wrong things lately, but it was because they tormented him so—his mother and his uncle. Mr. Curtis is a stingy, tyrannical old man: you know he disinherited Henry only because he refused to leave me, and his profession, and every thing here, and go to be his uncle's factor, his overseer, his *slave*, on a rice plantation in Georgia! Who could blame Henry for refusing? I should have despised him if he had gone, just for the sake of his uncle's money! and so would you too, mamma! And yet, just as soon as you heard of his misfortune, you treated him so coldly, and would not let me see him, or even write to him; and is it any wonder that he was tortured and stung by every body's cruelty, and driven into doing things that he never would have done otherwise? Oh, mamma, every body has been unjust to Henry, and now you are going to do the cruelest thing of all, and ruin him forever, maybe; when you might save him, if you would!"

She stopped, out of breath with her vehement speaking, and choking with passionate sobs which would come now. It seemed as if the hardest heart must have been moved by the fervor and earnestness of her remonstrance, the eloquence of her grief and supplication; but it had no effect whatever upon Mrs. Floyd. She smiled, half in pity, half in contempt, as one would smile at a child's fleeting, unreasonable sorrow, when Helen, quite unable to control herself any further, hid her face and cried aloud, bitterly and despairingly. She did not disturb her until the first outburst of her weeping had exhausted itself; then she merely bent over her, and laid her hand upon her head, smoothing gently the tossed and disheveled hair, and caressing it as one would a grieved child's.

Helen did not yield to this unwonted tenderness

at first. The blow had been too cruel, every nerve quivered too keenly with the agony to be soothed at once, even by any thing so rare and so precious as her mother's caresses. But her nature was too childlike and too dependent to resist it long, as Mrs. Floyd very well knew; and Helen presently lifted her head and laid it upon her mother's knee, half in penitence, half in trust, but still more with an eager hope of some final relenting, that would restore happiness—even though after a long probation—to herself and Henry. In this upspringing hope, and emboldened by the caressing touch which still lingered upon her throbbing temples, she ventured to make one more appeal, untried before.

"Mamma, will you do this one thing for me? and then indeed I will ask nothing more. Just *try* Henry for a while; do not make me give him up entirely, but let him have a hope of winning me by-and-by, when he has atoned for all that he has done wrong. He will see the justice of being put upon probation—just as long and severe as you please, mamma, we can bear it—and I know he will be so sorry that it will save him at once, and bring him back to himself, and the time will come when you will be proud of Henry Arlington for your son! It is no matter if he has lost old Mr. Curtis's wealth; he will make wealth for himself, if he only has an object to work for, a hope in the future. And I—oh, mamma! I will be so patient, so obedient; I will love you as I never loved you before, if you will but grant us so much mercy!"

Poor Helen! How little she knew the rock she was trying to melt! All her innocent, hopeful pleading availed no more to turn Mrs. Floyd's purpose than a child's sand-fortifications would avail to check the progress of some great sea-wave. She began to feel it herself when she saw the hard look settle again upon her mother's face, the increase of stateliness with which she drew up her proud figure in the fine old carved chair, and the dignified displeasure with which she removed her hand from Helen's hair, even before the words came which took away the last anchor of hope for the poor young heart.

"It is impossible," Mrs. Floyd said, frigidly, "to consider such a plan for a moment. It was undignified and unmaidenly in you to propose it, and I should do injustice to all prudence and propriety by acceding to it. No man shall stand on probation for my daughter's hand. If he has once proved himself unworthy—and Henry Arlington has—no after-conduct can restore to him what he has forfeited. This is my decision, once and for all, Helen; and I must request, nay, *command*, since nothing else will avail, that this subject be silenced between us forever. I myself will write to Mr. Arlington, and restore to him all tokens of an engagement which ceases from this moment, never to be renewed; and you will understand that henceforth all communication, of whatever nature, is at an end between you."

She stooped, as she spoke the final sentence, to gather up the letters which still lay in her daughter's lap. Helen suffered her in silence, but her grasp tightened upon the miniature, as if she could not resign that without another effort. Mrs. Floyd did not appear to notice her, however. She tied up the letters composedly, and placed them in an envelope which she took from the table; then said, simply,

"I am ready for the picture now, Helen, and the ring;" and Helen, knowing how vain and useless resistance would be, could but obey, though it was like a rending of body and spirit to yield up these last tokens of her life's happiness, so brief and so bright!

She turned away from her mother and walked to the farther end of the room, while Mrs. Floyd busied herself in putting up the little package and writing the cruel letter which was to accompany it. Nor did she look around, or speak again, even in reply to Mrs. Floyd's question, "Did she wish to see the letter she had written?" until that lady left the room. But when she was alone with her own sorrow and grievous sense of wrong the bitter flood broke all bounds of restraint; and for long hours, till the May afternoon waned into twilight and darkness, Helen Floyd gave herself up to all the abandonment of her despair, in passionate crying and wild words of resistance and rebellion, which, in truth, had no purpose, but only served to relieve the pent-up storm of her soul.

It was no mere romantic or sentimental episode with her, this engagement with Henry Arlington. Young as she was, she had had already a choice among many lovers; but her heart had gone out to him in a self-renouncing, all-absorbing love, which was returned by him in kind and degree, as fully as a man can ever return such entire devotion. Her mother had given her sanction to every thing in the first place; for Henry Arlington was an eligible mate, in all important respects, for her beautiful but slenderly-portioned daughter. His family and connections were unexceptionably aristocratic, and his fair prospects, as the only heir to his rich uncle, more than satisfied Mrs. Floyd's ambition. So the course of true love ran as smoothly as a quiet stream through summer meadows for many months; and Helen found this earth such a sweet paradise to her that she scarcely thought or dreamed of any other.

The first shadow was cast by Mr. Curtis, a captious old invalid, who had so little pleasure in his own life that he could not bear to see others enjoy it any more. He said that Henry idled his time in foolish passages with a sweet-heart; that his profession was a mere excuse for doing nothing sensible, and so forth, ending, finally, with a demand that he should absent himself entirely, for the space of a year, from his promised bride, and go to take charge of some Georgian plantations belonging to the old man. Henry refused, of course, indignantly; and then followed a series of petty persecutions from his mother and uncle, the conclusion to which was a threat of disinheritance unless he should accede to their wishes.

It was at this time that Mrs. Floyd began suddenly to discover many objectionable traits in the young man, unknown hitherto, and to impose limits and restraints upon his intercourse with Helen which his pride and sense of right could ill submit to. He said and did things, perhaps wrong in themselves, but not to be wondered at under the circumstances, which still further widened the breach; until by the time it became known that Mr. Curtis had really disinherited his nephew, Mrs. Floyd had fully made up her mind that Henry Arlington was no longer a desirable husband for her daughter, and that the engagement must be dissolved without delay.

How her determination succeeded in the accomplishment of her purpose, as far as Helen was concerned, we have already seen. As for Henry Arlington, he could not submit as patiently to a decree so cruel and unjust. There was a stormy scene in Mrs. Floyd's drawing-room the day after she had returned his letters and miniature and the betrothal ring which Helen had vowed to wear until his hand should place another in its stead. He demanded to see her himself, and learn from her own lips if she consented to this thing; but it was no part of Mrs. Floyd's policy to suffer such a meeting, and all his wrathful indignation availed nothing against her cool persistence in denying it. Poor Helen was a prisoner in her own room, beating wildly against her bonds, but just as vainly; and he was fain to go away at last, carrying back nothing but an increase of the rage and bitterness which he had brought with him.

Helen from her eager watch at the window caught just one glimpse of his white face, rigid with fearful passion, as the horse wheeled sharply round a turn in the avenue. Then he bounded on in a mad gallop, down through the double line of poplars that stretched to the gate, over its bars with one wild leap, and out into the open road, where even her straining eyes could soon no longer reach him.

That night Helen was stricken with brain-fever, and for days and weeks had no consciousness of any body or any thing around her. She only lived over the agony of the past, in one continuous, ceaseless repetition—saw only the white face of her lover as that one glance had revealed it to her—heard only the sound of the flying hoofs forever ringing and echoing in her brain.

Whether any remorse for the part she had acted and the misery she had wrought, or any momentary relentings from her hard purpose, ever entered into Mrs. Floyd's heart, I can not dare to say. I only know they were never made evident. She nursed her daughter night and day, with tireless devotion, as though she would bring her back from the very gates of the grave; and her care, under God's providence, was finally rewarded by Helen's recovery, although there had been at times but little hope of such a result. Even when the danger was past, and health and strength were coming back slowly but surely, she was still the most faithful nurse, watchful, and patient, and tender, as the most lovingly-demonstrative mother could have been. But she never made any allusion to the cause of her illness, never mentioned Henry Arlington's name, and least of all showed any sign of having changed or swerved from her first determination.

Nor did Helen speak again of what had passed. After the delirium of fever was gone Henry Arlington's name never passed her lips, and her own suffering, whatever it might have been, was all shut in her own heart. She rose from her sick-bed like a pale shadow of her former self, silent, drooping, and spiritless; but in all things obedient to the word or wish of her mother. Whatever her mother required was submitted to mechanically, whatever she requested was granted in the same way. At her wish, she went again into the old life of social observances, visiting, party-going, and the like; and as the summer advanced, consented to go from one gay watering-place to another, just as Mrs. Floyd desired.

Nor was it all mere outward docility. Helen's was one of those sensitive, dependent natures which have neither power to resist suffering nor to spring up with any new strength after it. She had been crushed, body and mind, by one blow, and she did not try to rise from her utter prostration. Subdued and broken-hearted, she was but a passive puppet in her mother's hands to be worked as she saw fit. Once, however, she did make a faint attempt at resistance. It was when Mr. Emerson Dennis, a young planter whose wealth was sufficient to satisfy Mrs. Floyd's desires, made proposals for her hand. She refused at first with some energy, to marry at all—Mr. Emerson Dennis, or any one else, be the suitor who he might. But Mrs. Floyd was no way daunted by this outbreak; she had conquered in a harder struggle, and she did not fear for victory now.

So it ended just as she chose that it should. Helen gave up the contest in a sort of weary indifference, saying to herself, "What matter? I can not help myself, and it is only for a little while. Perhaps I may die all the sooner."

The engagement was made, therefore, and announced; and Mr. Dennis, who had scarcely wit enough to know whether he got a willing bride or not, came and went, and gazed at Helen in silent admiration for hours together, and brought her all manner of beautiful and costly gifts which she took without even looking at; and, finally, beginning to wish for something a little more satisfactory, arranged with Mrs. Floyd for an early wedding-day. Helen submitted to her mother in this also, as in every thing else; so the marriage was settled to take place in the first week of September, little more than three months after poor Henry Arlington had been so heartlessly dismissed.

Helen was sitting in her chamber the afternoon before the wedding, on the same low seat, and in the same place, as on that afternoon in May when for the last time she dreamed over Henry's miniature and letters. There had been little, if any, change in the aspect of the room since then. There was the same maidenly white bed with its graceful fringed curtains, the dressing-bureau strewn with dainty toilet appliances, the round table full of pretty trifles, the what-not loaded with books. The same engravings hung upon the wall, the same delicate Bohemian vase bore its burden of lovely flowers upon the work-stand near her, and the antique carved chair stood in the same place as when her mother had sat upon it, as on a judgment-seat, to pass sentence on her lover.

There was little change in Helen's appearance either, except when you looked more closely, and saw how white she had grown, and how vividly the slender veins were traced upon her thin hands and transparent temples. She sat in the same drooping way, with the same sorrow in her eyes; only now there was more weariness, less passion, and less desire. A heap of white ribbons lay in her lap for the making of bridal favors, and through an open door, leading into an inner room, were seen glimpses of gauzy vails, and soft white satin folds, and the many laces, and ribbons, and flowers, for the bridal toilet.

But Helen's thoughts were far away from all these things, and neither were they wandering in any of the glad or timid reveries of an expectant bride. A vague presentiment had taken possession of her heart, and a wild sound was ringing in her ears—the echo of flying hoofs which had haunted her brain ever since she watched Henry Arlington's furious gallop away from the house three months ago. She tried to drown it—to put it away from thought and memory; but the sound came back with all the vividness of reality, until Helen, at last, sprang to the window, almost believing that she would see the well-remembered scene enacted again. But there was not a living thing in sight, and not a sound, even of rustling leaves or falling water, stirred the motionless stillness of the calm September afternoon.

She leaned her head against the sash in a sort of vague disappointment, and then the echo, which had been lost for a moment, returned again, faint and far away at first, but gradually increasing with a sense of nearness, until she no longer doubted its actual existence elsewhere than in her own mind. It grew rapidly more and more distinct, and Helen, in such an eagerness of expectation as she had not felt for months, leaned far out of the window, straining every faculty of sight and hearing to seize his first appearance. For she knew well who the horseman was, as well by the mysterious warning in her soul as by the evidence of her own eyes, when, at last, she saw Henry Arlington riding, in her full view, up the poplar avenue toward the house.

She waited until he had passed almost directly under her window, and then until the projecting eaves of the piazza hid him from her sight as he rode on to the front entrance. Then, without pausing to think of what she was going to do, but full of a strange excitement which led her on almost without her own will, she hurried out of the room, crept noiselessly down stairs, and, before any one else had seen the unwelcome visitor, herself met him at the door, and led him into the house.

Her mother had gone out for a drive, the drawing-room was empty and silent, and there was no one to interrupt the strange interview thus obtained between two hearts that had so loved, and so cruelly been wronged. Alas, that there was so little hope now—so little comfort or peace to be won from such an interview! It was too late for reproaches, or explanations, or prayers—too late for any thing but separation, final and entire, and mutual forgetfulness—if that were possible!

And yet he poured out passionate entreaties—he knelt at her feet—he clasped her in his arms, claiming her for his own by all the sacredness of love and truth, and demanded that she should flee from this false marriage and go with him, while there was yet time to escape from her own lifelong wretchedness, and redeem him from utter ruin. He told her how he had spent himself since they were parted in vain endeavors to see her again, or communicate with her in some way; how he had been twice denied admittance to the house; how his letters had been returned unopened; how he had striven, by all ways and means, open and secret, but to send one word to her, and yet in all had failed. And now, when by a very Providence he had been allowed to find her, would she have the miserable weakness and cowardice—would she *dare* to remain, and perjure her soul forever with lying vows to another man!

And so, from one wild adjuration to another—with mingled threatenings and supplications, tears and reproaches—until Helen, who had neither physical nor moral strength to front such storms, and whose short-lived energy had already given way to weakness and terror, fell down, fainting, at his feet—crushed by a violence which she could neither resist nor endure.

He was as wild in his sorrow and self-reproach then as he had been before in his denunciations of her; and could not accuse himself sufficiently, or lavish enough tenderness upon her unconscious form. The swoon lasted but a little while, however; it was only a momentary suspension of vital powers, and Helen soon recovered again. She rose up presently from the sofa where he had laid her, while he was still chafing and kissing her hands in his remorseful love, and tried to leave him; for she knew that she must put an end to this interview, or she could not keep her reason much longer. But he held her back, pleading,

"One word more, Helen! Let me ask you once again for the very last time! It is not too late—we are alone yet—*will* you go with me?" and waited for her answer with such a look in his face as a prisoner might have worn who waited for the word which should bring him death or life.

But Helen shrank away from the look, and hid her eyes, with a piteous cry; "I can not—I dare not, Henry! Oh, why will you kill me so cruelly when you see I am dying already?"

Then he released her. "I will not, Helen," he said, with a strange, forced calmness. "It is all over now, and you shall never be troubled again by any word of mine. I will only speak one more. Good-by!"

He stooped and kissed her, as if involuntarily, and then walked firmly past her out of the drawing-room into the hall, and from there to the piazza, where his horse stood, champing the bit and pawing up the gravel with his feet in impatience to be gone. Helen followed him, mechanically, obeying a blind impulse, though her feeble strength scarcely could support her. She leaned against the low rail of the piazza, and watched him as he untied the restive horse, and lingered to make some trifling readjustment of girth or bridle. Then he laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, as if about to spring into his seat, but turned suddenly the next moment, facing Helen, and she saw that he held his right hand in his breast. She heard him call her name. "Look, Helen!" and quicker than thought followed the sharp click of a pistol; the blinding flash, the loud, startling report, echoing and re-echoing in fearful vibrations of sound through the breathless stillness of the afternoon, and Henry Arlington fell dead almost at the very feet of the woman he had loved so madly, so fatally.

The ring of the horse's hoofs, as he galloped riderless and terrified down the avenue, blended strangely with the still lingering echoes of the pistol-shot; and more strangely still sounded the discord of rattling carriage-wheels on the graveled drive as Mrs. Floyd returned from her airing.

She was leaning back on the cushions, more handsome and stately than ever in her complacent and well-satisfied meditation. All her cares and anxieties for her daughter were nearly at an end; her highest ambition was gratified, for Helen would be mistress of the most elegant establishment in the county, besides being connected with its most aristocratic families; and she herself, thanks to the simplicity and unbounded admiration of Mr. Dennis, would rule at Oak Lawn as effectually, and in triple grandeur, as she did now on her own domains. "As for Helen and that foolish affair with Henry Arlington—Ah, well! it was all over now, thanks to her good management. Certainly she had much reason to congratulate herself on *that* score!"

Much, truly, in a fearful way! Far more than the proud lady dreamed of, as her swift steeds bore her on straight to the spot which had just witnessed the awful tragedy! There he lay as he had fallen, the first object which met her eyes as she descended from the carriage; the man she had wronged—tortured to frenzy and despair—driven to death and deadly sin. And beside him, with wild arms clasping the stark body, and passionate lips clinging to the ghastly mouth, was the daughter for whose "happiness, and prosperity, and peace of mind" she had so successfully labored. Truly, she had much cause for self-gratulation in so fair an ending of all her schemes!

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There was no wedding the next day, nor any ever after, as far as Helen Floyd was concerned. The soft white satin robe, the rich laces, the gauzy, shimmering vail, and bridal flowers, were folded away in some old chest or bureau, there to lie unseen until the fashion of them was forgotten. And Mr. Dennis's pearls and diamonds, and multitudinous costly gifts, found their way, by-and-by, back to Oak Lawn—even as poor Henry Arlington's ring and miniature had returned to him.

Neither did Helen die, though night and day—in alternations of frantic anguish with blank, dreary despair—she prayed for death to put an end to memory and feeling. She lived on through desolate, aimless years, heart-broken and hopeless; and her mother—ah, well! there is little need to dwell upon the retribution of a proud and evil heart. I have told a true history, and the moral needs no showing.

## AN OLD STORY.

I.

KNEE-DEEP in leaves, in the autumn woods
 I follow a path I know;
I followed it once, when the turf was green,
 In the bright days long ago.

II.

The pathway led to a forest bower,
 In the leafy depths of June;
Where the gay winds sang and the flowers bloomed
 In the light of the harvest moon.

III.

The winds sang sweet, but sweeter still
 A voice sang at my side—
The voice of a girl I dearly loved,
 And who should have been my bride.

IV.

She married another, cold and grand;
 And they live in splendid state—
He jingles his seals, and waves his hand—
 A man of wealth and "weight."

V.

But I thought when, the other day, we met,
 Her heart returned to the days
When a boy and girl went hand in hand
 Through the leafy woodland ways.

VI.

We sat all alone for an hour, in talk;
 Then I rose and went my way,
And came to the woodland path I know,
 In the twilight wan and gray.

VII.

Knee-deep in leaves, in the autumn wood
 I live in my youth once more;
And the leafless trees are robed in green,
 As they were in the years before!

VIII.

And here, in the silent forest bower,
 A maiden sits by my side—
A maiden I loved, and who loved me,
 Who should have been my bride!

# Miscellany.

### WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

THE instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should induce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost forever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love, without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition, by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

### THE GREAT MR. CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL, the poet, after he had acquired fame, went into the Highlands, indulging some curiosity to know whether his name had found its way over the mountains, and into the glens of his native land. On one occasion he modestly inquired of an old lady if they knew any thing of Mr. Campbell in that quarter? "Know him," she said, "every one knows Maister Campbell here." Now, thought the poet, this is true fame! "I am Mr. Campbell," he said. The old lady exclaimed, "What! and are you really and truly the great Mr. Campbell?" The poet began to qualify the word "great" before he would appropriate it to himself. This startled the worthy matron, and led her to ask, "But are you the great Mr. Campbell of Lattakoo?" This question dissolved all the vision.

### THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

AMONG the many stories which cluster around the "Iron Mask," there is one which I can not resist giving you. In the early days of that dreary captivity—those days in which the prisoner, whether from fancy or memory, was thus described, "as of handsome face, middle height, brown skin, clear complexion, and beautiful voice"—there was a lovely young lady in the fortress of St. Marguerite; she was the daughter of one of the officials, and her name was Julia de Bonparte. The mysterious prisoner fell in love with this lady, whom he had seen from his window; and what feminine heart could resist a persecuted, royal, and masked prisoner? The father gave his consent—they were married at an altar erected in the dungeon, and the devoted wife cheered the gloom of the weary lifetime. Two little infant sons could not, however, be retained near the unfortunate parents, and were sent secretly to Corsica under their maternal name of Bonparte. From them sprung the Bonapartes, who are therefore Bourbons. In the course of a conversation at St. Helena, it was mentioned to Napoleon by a gentleman present that a person had come to him to tell the above story, and to demonstrate from thence that Napoleon was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and thus the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. The gentleman had laughed at the whole story, which made the narrator very angry; he maintained that the marriage could easily be verified by the registers of a parish of Marseilles, which he named. The Emperor said that he had heard the same story; and that such was the love of the marvelous, that it would have been easy to have substantiated something of the kind for the credulous multitude.—*Miss Brewster's Letters from Cannes.*

### HABITS.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed: no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

### MODERN VANDALISM.

MR. MACAULAY, a few years since, uttered at Edinburgh the following impressive sentences on the Vandalism then prevalent, and not unlikely to be hereafter revived, in parts of Europe: "I remember," said he, "that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilization? Alas! it did not occur to them that civilization itself might engender the barbarians who should destroy it. It did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals—in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice and ignorance and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genzeric."

### IDLE VISITS.

THE idle are a very heavy tax upon the industrious when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of *ennui*, and then sallies forth to distribute it among his acquaintances.

### HOME DIFFICULTIES.

THE house-mother has her troubles aye, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfully. It is not pleasant for lazy ladies to get breakfast over at that regular early hour which alone sets a household fairly a going for the day; nor for unarithmetical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by sixpences, to put down each item and persevere in balancing periodically receipts and expenditure; nor for weakly, nervous, self-engrossed ladies to rouse themselves sufficiently to put their house in order and keep it so, not by occasional spasmodic "setting to rights," but by a general, methodical overlooking of all that is going on therein. Yet, unless all this is done, it is in vain to insist on early rising, or grumble about waste, or lecture upon neatness, cleanliness, and order. The servants get to learn that "Missis is never in time!" and laugh at her complaints of their unpunctuality. They see no use in good management or avoidance of waste; "Missis never knows about any thing." She may lecture till she is weary about neatness and cleanliness—"Just put your head into her room and see!" For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindliness, and above all, conscientiousness, if these are deficient in the mistress it is idle to expect them from servants, or children, or any members of the family circle.

### THE PINKS OF PROPRIETY.

"THERE is a set of people," says the manly Dr. Chalmers, in one of his sermons, "whom I can not bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.

### A LITTLE DISSERTATION ON KISSING.

THE first oddity that comes in my way is a remark by some one that "kisses are like creation, because they are made of nothing, and they are very good"—a very sensible remark, by-the-way—and the next is the definition of a "buss." Thus—buss, to kiss; rebuss, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to sex; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lip; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all the persons in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark. Evidently the country girl who came to "town" had these definitions in her head. A young gentleman was to escort her a mile or two, and not wishing to walk, remarked, "Mary, let's take a 'bus.'" But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, drew back, and, with wounded modesty, replied, "Oh, George! *not right here in the street!*"

### CULTIVATED WOMEN.

SHERIDAN said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

### A LADY ON CRINOLINE.

WHAT does all this grumbling spirit arise from? My own conviction is that it is not at our taste in dress, but from a shabby feeling. The men like to see their wives and children well dressed, but they want this pretty picture without paying for it. There is nothing that the gentlemen are fonder of looking at; but, grumble as they like, they must pay for it. But my subject now is the crinoline. It is the crinoline that is the subject of the clergyman, the lecturer, the press, the fop, the rake, and the buffoon. And why all this? It can not be on the ground of cost, for the price is only 3*s.* 6*d.* for a good one. Charles meets Joe; they turn into the theatre for a lounge. Joe pays 5*s.* admission for two. They then turn in for a lobster supper and porter, for which Charles pays 4*s.* Afterward they go and have some brandy, which costs 2*s.* 6*d.* And they have smoked 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of cigars during the evening. It is in this way the men spend their money, which is as much ours as theirs, if we had our rights. What they spend upon themselves out-of-doors in three or four days in this loose matter-of-course way would buy a handsome dress for me. The word "extravagance" is constantly ringing in our ears. If we chance to take up an illustrated paper, the same idea is pictorially brought under our eye in every variety of form. The disinterested editor of the Sunday newspaper "bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old," by placing a Bible and a crinoline next to next. A lady chanced to lift her petticoat with her dress a little too high, and *Mr. Punch* heard two young costermongers say, "Bill, what is that?" "I don't know, unless it be fire-works!" Can any thing be more insulting? Because what we spend in dress is seen, and what the men spend is not, we are to be grumbled at, persecuted, and called extravagant. Suppose we knew what they spend upon themselves, and suppose we were to criticise them as they do us, how would they like it?

### CONVERSATION.

THE art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.

### ORIGIN OF WATTS'S HYMNS.

WHEN Dr. Watts was a young man and a candidate for the ministry, the congregation in which he worshiped with his father's family being one of those which did not eschew all psalmody, were accustomed, of course, to sing from the rude collections of Sternhold, or Barton, or other like rhymesters, such as existed in that day. The collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and, having hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas, which if mentally contrasted by the reader with the monstrous doggerel the congregation were doubtless accustomed to, will be perused with a redoubled glow of pious and poetic exultation. This is a genuine Gospel lyric, and the joy with which pious hearts instantly welcomed it attests the peculiar and unequaled merit of Watts as a sacred *song writer:*

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
  Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
  And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
  The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
  And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
  And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
  He loves to hear our praise.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
  Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
  Forever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
  Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
  And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of Nature and of Grace
  Are put beneath Thy pow'r;
Then shorten the delaying days,
  And bring the promis'd hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country; but, to the devotional instinct of the worshipers, so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service—till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

### ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

### EMBLEM OF FRIENDSHIP.

TREES with double flowers are too often the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossoms, but no fruit.

### TO A FAIR MAIDEN.

FAIR maiden! when I look at thee,
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, ah! who could be?

## THE CARNIVAL IN PIEDMONT.

ROME and Paris have been from time immemorial the especial seats of carnival; every one is familiar with the joyous extravagances, the gay costumes, the harum-scarum balls, which celebrate the modern saturnalia in the capitals of ancient and modern civilization. Our engraving bears witness that other cities are now endeavoring to compete for the pre-eminence in the matter of *joyeuseté* in carnival time; it represents a scene in the principal street of the chief city of Piedmont—Turin.

Those of our readers who have seen Turin need not be told that the Via di Po is the Broadway of that fine city. Many may remember that among the streets which cut the Via di Po at right angles none can compare, in point of eminence and splendor, with the Via di Posta. At the intersection of these two streets the fast men of Turin perpetrated one of the best carnival burlesques that have ever been seen.

A timber frame-work, upward of thirty feet in diameter, rose from the gallery, or balcony, at the second story of the houses on the Via di Po, tapering upward, and bearing in form an exact resemblance to the metallic enlargements at present in favor among ladies. The circles and cross-bars of the modern hoop were morticed into the walls of the adjacent houses, and the whole fabric must have cost considerable labor and some money. It was covered with a most brilliant petticoat, white, with pink flowers and garlands of roses, and surmounted by the Brobdignagian effigy of a modern *élégante*, with an ermine muff, a voluminous *corsage*, and the very smallest of bonnets. Between the hem of the garment and the top of the balustrade a space was left, and a platform, which, it is said, would hold 300 persons, was occupied by the contrivers of this huge burlesque, chiefly artists, who, armed with fishing-rods and lines, let down baskets of *bonbons* to within a tantalizing distance of the mouths and noses of the promenaders below.

The exhibition took place on Dimanche Gras—a day, according to our Protestant notions, singularly selected for such a spectacle. Before daylight on that Sunday morning the upholsterers succeeded the carpenters in their work. With the early dawn men were seen scrambling over the rafters and beams which composed the understructure of the fashionable lady. To them mountains of muslin and flowers were hoisted up from beneath, and for several hours there was nothing heard but the nailing—horrid cruelty!—of the petticoats of this Goddess of Crinoline to her too substantial supports. As soon as breakfast was over the fun of the day began. People thronged the streets; and after the customary carnival procession had passed the inauguration of the statue began. The fishing, represented in our engraving, from under the hem of Madame Crinoline's petticoat, became extremely lively. The nibbles were numerous, but it seemed difficult to get a good bite—not on account of the shyness of the fish, but because the bait was rarely allowed to come within less than a tantalizing distance of their jaws. Numerous carriages, full of the most grotesque masks, and several extremely comical cavalcades, passed up and down the street, confining themselves, for the most part, to the Via di Po, which was the centre of the diversions of the day.

There seem to have been but few persons at Turin who did not, in some way or other, participate in the enjoyments of the day. It is said that the King was in the midst of the revelers, disguised in a domino. A number of young men dressed as millers, with sacks full of lime beans, belonged to the first families of Piedmont, yet engaged in good-natured conflicts with the populace without the least fear of compromising their dignity. The editor of the chief newspaper of Turin was "around" in the garb of an inquisitor, with a body-guard—probably composed of printers and "devils"—in the dress of Croats. It is even whispered that the great diplomatist—Count Cavour—improved the occasion so far as to share in the revelry in the costume of Atlas, bearing, not the world, but Piedmont, on his shoulders.

For some reason or other we have never been able to realize the European carnival here. In cities like New York we have so many brutal, ruffianly rowdies, of foreign and native origin, that any thing like a saturnalia would open a door to murders, rapes, and savage assaults. These persons have no notion of license without brutal blackguardism. Were the Roman or Paris carnival attempted here, each of these men would commit crimes enough, before the night was over, to justify his being hanged half a dozen times over. And the knowledge of the existence of such a class with such propensities effectually restrains decent, quiet people here from taking part in any public festivities which are not thoroughly under the control of the police.

The carnival at Paris is undoubtedly a scene of much disorder and vice. But it may well be questioned whether the vice would not occur independently of the carnival. For a certain class of society the carnival is the occasion of a general renunciation of the laws of morality and the restraints of decency. But it is to be remarked that this class are not remarkable for their respect for morality and decency at any time. For another, and a much larger, class the carnival is a pleasant holiday—a season when the cares of business and the troubles of everyday life may be forgotten in mirth, gayety, and genial society. There are many people in Paris who never have but one real holiday in the course of the year—that is, during the carnival. Others, again—strict men of business, yet men of sense enough not to enslave themselves the whole year through—take their holidays at regular intervals, but enjoy them most at the gay season, when the police feign to sleep, and even the laws are quietly set aside.

*Mardi Gras* in Paris—who that has ever enjoyed it as Parisians do can ever forget it? The procession, in the morning, with its gay grotesques, its good-humored followers, and the witty comments which it elicits; the jolly dinner at some cheap restaurant, with crowds of admirers of the *bœuf gras*, and with just enough wine to exhilarate without intoxicating; the balls in the evening—first, at some grand house, where every one is primed to the muzzle with dignity and *maintien*, then a wild, harum-scarum masked ball, where every one is hail fellow well met, and where the most inconceivable things may be done and said without leading to any result; the dance, with Musard leading the orchestra, and a galop so *échevelé* that any luckless wight who trips runs no slender chance of being trampled to death; the supper, with wit and *bon mots*, and songs in the morning; and then the quiet hours of sleep, without headache or confusion—these are scenes which are peculiar to Paris. At all events, they seem for the present beyond our capacity here. Carnival thus far is an exclusively European institution.

THE MONSTER LADY OF CRINOLINE AT TURIN.

## THE CULPRIT JUDGE:

### A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

IN one of the Western States I was once a prosecuting attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairies away from the woodland had not yet heard the scream of the steam-whistle. All branches of society, of trade, business, and professions were in a transition state. Of course the judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and, lest I appear vain, I may add, that the lawyers were by no means Chief-Justice Taneys!

The Judge who traveled circuit with us in the counties round about the city of —— had been in early life a horse-jockey, and had picked up a large amount of tact, knowledge of men, and of human nature, and of social motives that was of much use to him in his legal walk. At the West he had been a member of the first Constitutional Convention in our State, and, being a good talker and of quick natural intellect, had shone in the debates. Of course it was natural that, as he made the law, he should claim to be able to expound it. And at the first election after the State was admitted he was chosen a Judge.

I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent deference of manner, there was in his composition an understrata of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. When I was chosen peoples' solicitor he sought my confidence, but I repelled it, and, except in court, we were little together. Many a time on the civil side has he given me a favorable charge on facts, or acquiesced in my law when I felt that I was wrong. Nor could I fathom *why* he thus sought to get the winning side of me.

I suspected him of knavery. When prisoners were convicted, and he had the discretion of punishment, his sentences were oddly inconsistent. He fined when he should have imprisoned, and confined when a nominal punishment would have answered the justice of the case. But I never could get any clew, and with the populace he was regarded as a man of rare integrity and firmness of mind.

One night, at the inn in the little village of Washington, where a week's court was to be held, I went to my "boarded off" bedroom for an afternoon nap, and was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by a confused murmuring, that, after I was thoroughly aroused, I perceived to come from the adjoining room—one appropriated to Judge C——.

"He is committing his Grand Jury charge," said I to myself, when I heard a strange voice say, "The boodle is most used up of the old stripe."

Now "boodle" is a flash term used by counterfeiters, and it instantly attracted my "prosecuting" attention. As I sat up on the bedside a ray of light came through a chink of the boarded partition. As a man, honor would have forbidden a "peep;" as an officer of the law, prudence commanded it. So drawing myself noiselessly and closely to the "wall," or the boarded separation, I looked through the "crack" and saw Judge C—— seated at a table with a sinister-looking man, who wore a pair of remarkably black whiskers; and the two were counting quite a pile of new bank-bills. I listened, but not another word was spoken for some time. I saw the money divided into three piles, and the Judge placed one in his pocket, the whiskered man took the other, and then drawing off his boots, divided the third pile between each boot in the inside of it, and then again placed them on his feet. Next the Judge said: "Be careful and send it to the proper place." His sinister companion gave a meaning smile; they shook hands; the stranger left the room cautiously; and the Judge then sat down to some papers. I continued to look for several minutes, but he appeared absorbed in his duties, when, just as I was about quitting my point (literally a point) of observation, he arose, and taking out his roll of bills placed them up the chimney! and then continued his reading.

I must say my blood ran cold, for a grave suspicion had often crossed my mind that he was a rascal; but I never suspected him of being concerned with the drovers, trappers, and traders who occasionally made bad money their commodity. Nor, as I sat collecting my thoughts, could I conceive it possible, when I remembered how severe he had always been upon the passers of counterfeit money, and how earnestly and solemnly he always in his charges in such cases declaimed against the enormity of offenders who substituted a spurious currency for a good one. I therefore concluded that the word "boodle," and the suspicious "boot stuffing," must relate to some other kind of offense, connected with which I now felt assured he must be.

Stealthily going out, I carefully descended the stairs and entered the bar-room. The heavily-whiskered man was seated at a table reading the last Cincinnati paper, as calm and placid as if he were the Methodist minister of the riding. I sat down, and pulling out a law-paper pretended to read it, but I was glancing over its top at the stranger. His eye did not wander from a particular point of the paper, nor did the sheet after several minutes turn; I therefore concluded he was not reading but was reflecting. I endeavored to catch his eye, but could not. I next thought of trying the demeanor of the Judge; so making in my mind some excuse relating to my official duties, I again went up stairs and knocked at his door. His pleasant voice, in an unembarrassed tone, cried, "Walk in," and I entered. After getting through my excuses and business, I said, in a careless tone, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, Judge?" He answered, just as carelessly, "Going through my charge, and a decision or two I have to make on to-morrow. As yet, I have not seen any one since I arrived."

The last lie was an unnecessary one, as *I* knew its falsity, for he needed not to have asserted the fact—an immaterial one. This, therefore, the more confirmed my suspicions; because I had found these immaterial assertions to be always made by witnesses when they are committing perjury, just as cowards whistle to keep up their courage.

We continued chatting until the bell rang for tea, but not a tone nor an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meal. The whiskered stranger sat opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other as if they had never met. One or two table civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied with freezing politeness, somewhat unusual in our Western way of life. All this satisfied me there was something out of the way, and I resolved while at the table to furnish myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went up stairs into the Judge's room, and groping to the chimney in the dark felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of paper. I took off one or two pieces, and replaced the balance hastily and left the room.

Nothing more occurred that night worth narrating, but the next day in Court I found on the calendar the case of a man who had been indicted some months before for counterfeiting, and had been out on bail.

"What does this mean?" I asked of the clerk. "I did not authorize the trial, nor am I prepared with witnesses."

"Judge C—— ordered it on last term for this day," answered the clerk, "and produced your request."

"My request!" stammered I.

"Yes; and here it is," as he handed me a piece of paper bearing in my writing the words, "Give Judge C—— his request." I remembered, now I saw it, that I had written the paper, but could not recall the apparently trivial circumstance which had prompted it.

Just then Judge C—— entered, and Court business began. The case in question being called, I arose to postpone it on the ground of not being prepared.

A stranger arose from among the lawyers, and said he was counsel for the prisoner, and had come from Cincinnati to try the case, at much trouble, and, as he understood, because it had been ordered on for to-day. *The counsel was the black-whiskered companion of the Judge!*

The latter, with a bland smile, and dipping his pen in ink ready for a memorandum, asked, "What is your name, Sir?"

I was so astounded by this cool impudence that I did not hear the answer, but proceeded to deny any understanding, and to charge that there was some trick.

My opponent warily rejoined, and moved, if the case was not tried, that his client be discharged from bail. This was giving him liberty to run if he pleased, and I opposed this motion. My adversary again rejoined, and to my utter astonishment Judge C—— granted the request, and ordered the clerk to cancel the bail-bond.

At this juncture I sat down, amidst the titters of my brethren, who were ready enough to laugh at W—— being caught napping, as they phrased it. While I was meditating my wrath and my revenge, the clerk announced that the panel of Grand Jurors was now complete, and they were ready for business. Judge C—— arose to address and charge them. He was as cool and placid as the morning itself.

"Oh, you hypocrite!" I muttered through my teeth, as the black-whiskered counsel—and confederate, as I fully knew him now to be—slyly sneered at me and drew his chair close to the Bench in an attitude of deferential listening.

The charge was an elaborate one. It was an essay on crime and its enormities, and seemed dramatically worked up. Its adjurations to the Grand Jury to fearlessly investigate were very pathetic. Its encomiums on virtue were touchingly true.

Scarcely had the Jury retired than, in my capacity as prosecuting officer, I followed the members to their chamber. To the formal question, "What was their first business?" I answered, "To investigate a charge of malfeasance in office against the Judge!"

The foreman and his fellows looked at each other in astonishment. Finally one of them said, with a smile, "Take care, Brother W——, that your professional rivalry does not get you into trouble!"

I replied by telling my story, and narrating all the suspicious circumstances of the past twenty-four hours; and concluded by requesting that the black-whiskered counsel be called and examined. Amidst the astonished silence of the Grand Inquest, the constable in attendance went after and returned with the stranger.

He entered easily and unabashed, saying, as he took chair, "I am told you desire me to be a witness!"

"Perhaps culprit!" I exclaimed, in passion, entirely losing my control. And then, not heeding the hand of the foreman on my shoulder in restraint, I said to the constable who had lingered by the door, "Take off his boots!"

The stranger made two bounds, and was at the window which led into the garden of the jail. But the grip of the constable caught him securely. In an instant one of the jurors took his arm and another his leg, and before any one had time to speak the boots were off, and two rolls of bills on the floor.

The firmness and presence of mind of the stranger forsook him; he trembled in every muscle; and as I whispered to him, "Villain, not even your friend, Judge C——, can save you!" he turned ghastly pale.

He was seated on the chair.

"Is this good money or bad?" said the foreman, breaking the dull silence that had succeeded the struggle.

"Am I a witness, or am I accused?" he stammered, looking toward me.

"Witness," said I, "if you will tell all you know about Judge C——, who is far better game than you."

"I—know—nothing—about Judge—C——," he stammered; "I never saw him until to-day."

"Liar!" I shouted, forgetting my official dignity in my rage at his falsehood. "Last night you and he were together exchanging money, and in his presence you concealed your '*boodle*' in your boots."

Immediately he stood up in an attitude of defiance—then sat down—half rose again; turned red, and then pale; while huge drops of sweat stood on his face.

He saw he was by some means cornered; and, in a moment, recovering himself, answered, "I will be *witness*—the Judge is guiltier than I."

I have not space for his story; but its amount was, that long before the Judge removed to the West they had been confederates at the East in circulating counterfeit money while horse-jockeying. They were connected with a well-organized and secret band. The leaders were the manufacturers and bankers of the "boodle." Middlemen bought it and dispensed it to the underlings, who purchased it at a discount of fifty cents, to pass it off at par. As fast as the last counterfeit was discovered a new one was made. Judge C——, while upon the bench, was able to be as moral and as severe as he pleased with the underling classes, who never knew the haunts and ways and companionships of those above them. But the man whose trial was for that day, and for whom Judge C—— had interceded, happened to be one of the upper-class, and hence the necessity of the action.

"It is time now to see to the Judge!" I said, turning to the Grand Jurymen, who were petrified at the tale they had just heard.

No one answered.

"I will go and prepare him for your action," I next said; "for to indict him in his own court, while he is upon the bench, will be a scandal upon justice."

As I entered the court-room he was announcing the noon recess. There was a little room off, containing a few law-books and a desk, into which he usually retired, and thither I followed him.

"Judge," said I—and my voice trembled like the voice of a man under severe ague, so terribly was I wrought up by the excitement of the morning's accusation and confession—"Judge, I have very, very bad news for you!"

"For *me!*" said he, with the utmost *nonchalance*, notwithstanding the peculiarity and mystery of my manner.

"Yes, for you: the Cincinnati lawyer has told all," I shook out rather than spoke.

He still smiled. It was awful to see his hypocrisy and calmness of demeanor, and for a moment I knew not what to say. Then taking from my vest pocket two of the bills unrolled from his chimney deposit, I held them before him, and said: "He has told all about these; and I myself, last night, saw you place the counterfeit money in the fire-place when he placed his in the boots."

His composure was instantly gone. He wilted like a scorched weed on the prairie, and his manhood gave way as if he had been afflicted with sudden paralysis. The room rather swam around before my own eyes, for the sighs of a *culprit judge* was not an everyday one; and when I recovered my full attention I found him at my knees groveling on the floor like a dog.

He tore his hair, he wrenched his hands, his eyes glared, and his powerful frame quivered in every part. Indeed I was unmanned myself to behold so sudden and wretched a sight.

"Oh, good W——! dear W——! don't betray me! Consider how dreadful! And I a Judge! Oh the disgrace! My poor wife and children! What will they say? Don't—don't betray me! I was to be next Governor—you know that! Oh—oh—oh—how dreadful!" and he rocked himself on his knees to and fro, as if bursting with agony.

These were some of the heart-harrowing incoherencies which I can now remember over all the dreadful scenes that followed.

I raised him from the floor and placed him in a chair, and then said, "Alas! Judge C——, appeals to me are too late. Your confederate has told all, and the Grand Jury have taken his testimony."

His eyeballs glared at me like those of a maniac. Then, as if wrung by some wonderful impulse, he became calm. Indeed that calmness was more dreadful to behold than had been his excitement, imprecations, and agonizing entreaty.

"Well, if it must be so, it must. But let me see the foreman only for a moment; bring him up—go for him—leave the room; go—do go—go!"

His excitement was returning; and without reflecting, as I should have done, I turned and left the room. I had just crossed the court-room, amidst the curious looks of the crowd who had now gathered—for in those Western settlements secrecy was of no moment about Grand Jury matters, and half the village already knew the story—I had just crossed the court-room, I repeat, when I heard a dreadful groan and a simultaneous pistol report.

It was succeeded by an instant of terrible silence, and then the crowd burst into the room.

Judge C—— lay upon the floor, with his blood and brains shockingly scattered about the little chamber. When I retired, he had drawn his pistol, and to his other crimes added that of self-murder. He was a ghastly sight to see; nor shall I ever forget the memories of that dreadful day when I was compelled to behold the living agony and the dying woes of a "*Culprit Judge*," in sight of that bench and bar whereat he had so often presided in convicting and sentencing villains less guilty than he had really been all the while!

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

SIMILES.—Modern poets may well complain that all the similes have been used up before their time. "White as snow," "white as a lily," "white as ivory," are now general property; but a Welsh poet, Davyth ap Gwillyn, has an entire new image; he calls the maiden of his love "white as lime."

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade on woman's chin a beard to grow;
For how should she be shaved, whate'er the skill,
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still.

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

Chief-Justice Padelford, as he was commonly called, was a magistrate of one of the beats in Warren County, Mississippi. On one occasion some mischievous boys were brought before him, charged with cruelty to the dog of John Flechenstein, by putting turpentine on his tail. The judgment of the Court was set forth in the following entry: "The evidence in this case having been heard, and the Court being sufficiently advised in the premises, it is ordered, adjudged, and decreed, that the defendants be fined in the sum of five dollars each, and that they severally enter into recognizance, in the sum of one hundred dollars, conditioned to keep the peace toward all the good dogs of the State of Mississippi, and especially toward the dog of the said Flechenstein."

A voter, deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan: "I mean to withdraw my countenance from you." "Many thanks for the favor, Sir," replied the candidate, "for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw."

A printer out in Arkansas, whose office is ten miles from any other building, and who hangs his sign on a limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country preferred."

"Mr. President," said a member of a school committee out West, "I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the course of edication. Had it not been for edication, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of *my* business," replied the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of *your* business."

Old Jerry Downs, out in California, was reading the news to some half a dozen of his neighbors. He read to them the item of intelligence that the grass was very short on the plains, and it was feared that the emigrants would fare badly. "Emigrants, what's them?" asked one of the listeners. "Don't you know?" said Jerry. "No." "Don't you? Don't you? Don't you?" he asked of each in turn, and received from each a negative answer. "Well, I'll tell you. Emigrants is a sort of cross between a groun'-hog and a gopher, and is very bad on grass."

"Have more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest."
SHAKSPEARE.

An honest Irishman was accosted by a brother Hibernian with, "Arrah, Pat, you're going to be in good luck to-day, boy—you've got your stockings on wrong side out." Pat turned round with great quickness, and surveying with the utmost complacency the sad remnants of what had once been hose, answered: "Sure, honey, I know that; don't you know the rason why I turned them?" "No," replied the other. "Why," says Pat, and he gave a knowing wink with his eye, "bekase they're full of holes on the other side."

"Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That means with watch, and hard restraint, to stay
A woman's will, that is disposed to go astray."
SPENSER.

Once on a time I fair Amelia kiss'd,
Whose nose was too distinguished to be miss'd;
Said I, "My love, I fain would kiss you closer,
But though your *lips* say yes, your nose says, no, Sir."

Of the whole population of England and Wales in 1855, one person in 73 was named Smith, one in 76 was a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 152 a Davis, and one in 175 a Brown.

If wine be poison, so is tea, but in another shape,
What matter whether one be killed by *canister* or *grape*.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they supposed were trees budding with fire: and that the native Indians of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder which belonged to the English, sowed it as grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the following harvest, to *blow away their invaders.*

The following is the title of a pamphlet, in verse, written two hundred years ago: "Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered (about their ears who idly Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed), by a volley of Holy Shot, thundered from Mount Helicon." It is, perhaps, the earliest satire on the use of tobacco.

To succeed, a man must be steady. A mechanic, or artisan, who is invariably making holidays, festivals, and anniversaries, is sure to be unsuccessful. With such, life becomes a scramble; they earn less than others, they lose credit and character; the spender distances the winner in the race, and the winner loses all heart, sinks down lower and lower, subsisting on accidental jobs and precarious meals. The "fast" tradesman follows the same course, and sinks into a similar condition. He leads a gay life, has a country-house, and a dashing vehicle; the money he started with soon vanishes, paper takes the place of bullion, and extravagance finally launches him in a bankruptcy court.

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads alike, whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion.

When Doctor H—— and Lawyer A—— were walking, arm in arm, a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life!*"

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished, but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

### RECONCILIATION.

'Tis true that you and I fell out,
Yesterday!
I've no idea what about,
Johnnie Gray!
I only know the sun shines on,
Though yesterday be dead and gone,
And through the trellis at the door
The light comes dancing as before—
Johnnie Gray!

The evening follow'd glowing noon,
Yesterday!
And driving clouds obscured the moon—
Johnnie Gray!
But night is past, and morn is here—
The fields are green—the sky is clear—
The rose and lily gleam with dew—
And I've two loving lips for you,
Johnnie Gray!

Few things are more injurious to health than late hours. It is by no means necessary to stay until "the small hours at a party; nor is it contrary to etiquette to leave at a reasonable time. Dr. Kitchener always hung over the chimney-piece of the room in which he held his celebrated Tuesday evening conversaziones, "At seven come, at eleven go."

It is a popular fallacy to think that you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking sherry-cobblers.

An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal suddenly reared, and the toper found himself sprawling in a mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by, "John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?" "Why, no, dad, the hoss kicked you!" "Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. *'Taint me, John, for I'm here!*"

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March* 29, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Mar. 27, 1858 | $3,539,821.... | $1,125,966 |
| Corresponding week, 1857 | 4,567,659.... | 2,884,940 |
| Decrease............. | $1,027,838.... | $1,156,974 |

The export of specie was very small, only $33,130. The amount in Bank and Sub-treasury, including the California arrival on Friday, can not fall far short of $40,000,000.

Money is as plentiful as ever; indeed, the demand from the stock-brokers having fallen off, in consequence of the dullness on the Stock Exchange, capitalists are more embarrassed than they have been to use their means. Exchange on England rules at 107 @ 107¼, at which rate it would pay to import specie into this country from Europe.

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March* 29, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been rather quiet for Flour and Wheat, but pretty brisk for Corn. Flour and Wheat closed in favor of buyers, and Corn, though a shade higher than a week ago, also tended downward. Other kinds of Breadstuffs were depressed and heavy. The receipts were moderate, but in view of the partial resumption of internal navigation, receivers were free sellers....The movements in Cotton were less extensive, and the market closed irregularly ....Provisions were in fair request, and prices did not vary remarkably....The transactions in Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have restricted; in Sugars and Rice more has been done. Prices of Sugars slightly declined.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, per barrel.................... | $2 25 | @ | $4 50 |
| Apples, dried, per pound.............. | 6¼ | @ | 7¼ |
| Peaches, dried, per pound ............ | 19 | @ | 20¼ |
| Plums, dried, per pound............... | 19 | @ | 20 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel ............. | 2 00 | @ | 2 25 |
| Chestnuts, per bushel................. | 2 00 | @ | 2 25 |
| Peanuts, per bushel .................. | 60 | @ | 1 25 |
| Cranberries, per barrel............... | 14 00 | @ | 16 00 |
| Potatoes, per barrel.................. | 2 00 | @ | 3 50 |
| " per bushel........................ | 1 00 | @ | 1 10 |
| " sweet, per barrel................. | 5 00 | @ | 5 50 |
| Onions, per barrel ................... | 2 25 | @ | 5 00 |
| Turnips, per barrel................... | 62 | @ | 87 |
| Beets, per barrel .................... | 1 25 | @ | — |
| Cabbages, per 100 .................... | 4 50 | @ | 6 50 |
| Parsnips, per barrel ................. | 1 25 | @ | — |
| Carrots, per barrel................... | 1 25 | @ | — |
| Leeks, per 100 bunches ............... | 4 00 | @ | — |
| Celery, per dozen .................... | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Garlic, per 100 ...................... | 5 50 | @ | — |
| Eggs, Limed, per dozen................ | 8 | @ | 10 |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen ............... | 15 | @ | 16 |
| Chickens, per pound................... | 13 | @ | 15 |
| Fowls, per pound...................... | 11 | @ | 13 |
| Guinea Fowl, per pair................. | 50 | @ | 56 |
| Ducks, per pound ..................... | 18 | @ | 20 |
| " per pair ......................... | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Turkeys, per pound.................... | 15 | @ | 18 |
| Geese, per pound...................... | 9 | @ | 12 |
| Pigeons, per dozen ................... | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Prairie Hens, per pair................ | 62 | @ | 75 |
| Partridge, per pair .................. | 62 | @ | 75 |
| Quail, per dozen...................... | 2 50 | @ | 2 75 |
| Roasting Pigs ........................ | 1 25 | @ | 2 50 |
| Rabbits, per pair .................... | 25 | @ | 38 |
| Hares, per pair ...................... | 31 | @ | 44 |
| Squirrels, each ...................... | 5 | @ | 8 |
| Venison, per pound ................... | 8 | @ | 13 |

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

SARTAROE! SARTAROE!! SARTAROE!!!

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